

DISORDER

That scene supportin' zinc from CTR: 101.9 fM



fortune cookie prize
 or tribute to
 beat happening

Superchunk Scaweed Unrest Geek
 Velocity Girl Scrawl Love child
 Kim, Thurston + Epic Whorl Leaky Chipmunk
 Fish + Roses The Cannanes

power to the
 little people

simple
 machines

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DISORDER

JULY 1992 • ISSUE #114

"A can of beans? That's more than I had all day. You know what I had? Half a jar of peanut butter." — M. Pilon

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COVER

That's right, college publications still suck and who better to prove that point than Superconductor. Taken by the itchman, Mark Critchley, at a nearby swimming hole where the band can usually be found skinny-dipping or chasing kids with pointed sticks.

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PRINTED IN CANADA

"YOU ARE SOMEBODY VERY SPECIAL, GARN. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS JUST SHOW PEOPLE THAT GLIMMER IN YOUR EYES AND PEOPLE LIKE YOU. YOU'LL BE VERY SUCCESSFUL ONE DAY." FRANCIS HARRY

THAT'S MY GRANDMOTHER, FRANCIS. SHE'S OKAY. I DON'T THINK SHE GETS THE WHOLE PICTURE ALL OF THE TIME BUT MOST OF THE LIGHTS SEEM TO BE ON AND MOST OF THE BRICKS SEEM TO BE IN PLACE. BUT AS FAR AS THIS PEOPLE AND SUCCESS THING GOES...I THINK SHE'S DEFINITELY LOST IT BIG TIME. ONE TOO MANY HAPPY PILLS TODAY I'D SAY. THE ONLY GLIMMER YOU'LL SEE IN MY EYES THESE DAYS IS AFTER A COUPLE OF HEAVY PULLS ON AN ETHER CAN OR A REEFER FULL OF "HYDRO" AND AT THAT POINT THE THOUGHT OF LOOKING DIRECTLY INTO SOMEONE'S EYES HAS LONG SINCE VANISHED. FRANCIS ONCE SAW MY COUSIN KIRSTIN AND I TALKING A D AND CALLED KIRSTIN OVER AND FOR SOME STRANGE REASON ASKED HER IF I WAS TRYING TO GET HER TO GET ME SOME DRUGS. EXCUSE ME, BUT AT THIS PARTICULAR TIME MY COUSIN WAS ABOUT THIRTEEN AND I WAS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF TWENTY-ONE. "HEY, KIRSTIN, MAYBE YOU COULD SCOPE OUT THE SCHOOL YARD AND SCORE ME SOME PRIMO BUD." RIGHT. I'VE KNOWN FOR SOME TIME THAT EVEN THOUGH I AM THE LAST MALE HEIR THAT I WAS AXED FROM THE WILL OF FRANCIS A LONG TIME AGO, A COUPLE OF MINOR DRUG INCIDENTS AND A BOGUS WEAPONS ARREST PROBABLY SEALED MY FATE. BUT THAT'S COOL. NO SWEAT. NO BIG BANANA. KIRSTIN, MY DRUG DEALING COUSIN, AND HER SISTER ROZALYN, THE NEW AGE CIGARETTE SMOKING (OOPS, SORRY ROZ) HIPPIE GET ALL THE MARBLES. THAT'S OKAY. I JUST HOPE THEY REMEMBER THE TIMES I BOOTLEGGED FOR THEM WHEN THEY WERE UNDER. AH, YOUTH.



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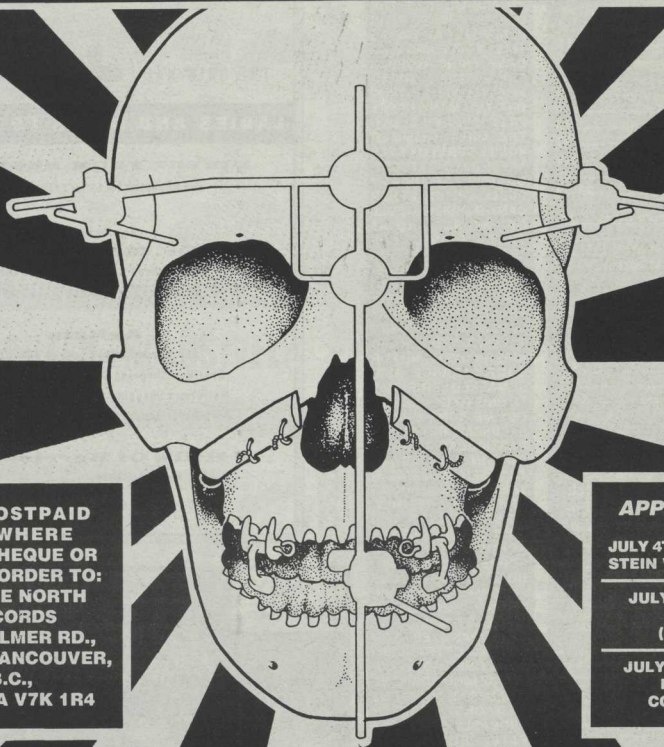
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Well, the past couple of months of preparation are over and the 1992 installment of the National Campus/Community Radio Conference has proven itself to be a successful event. With delegates attending from all across our fine nation, and a host of local and stateside talent playing to the masses, *Discorder* hopes that everyone's trip to Vancouver isn't was an enjoyable one.

The people who put this whole thing together (if you see them, buy them a beer, or just praise them highly) should not go without mention, although some of them are moving on to corporate 30-and-a-year jobs and will therefore be able to buy all the attention they need. That aside, Jane Farrow, Gary Mark, Michelle Frey, Lydia Masemola and our very own Linda Scholten and Mindy Abramowitz: please take a bow, your bowling trophies are in the mail.

Speaking of mail, how is this for a useless piece of trivia: it takes six days for a letter to get from Copenhagen to Vancouver, the same time it takes for a letter to get from Bellingham to Vancouver! -Ed™

THE LATEST IN A LONG LINE OF LESTER BANGS CONTENDERS..?

Dear Airhead,
Just to register my interpretation of your conversations, I'd like to say that TEENAGE FANCLUB REALLY SUCKS. I never listened to The Beach Boys the first time they were around never mind a nineties "warmed-over" variety. Who

wants to listen to surfer love songs? I think someone's been out in the sun too long and gotten a good dose of beach-headitis.

I'll be the first schlep to admit that I buy *Spin* and because *Bandwagonesque* was album of the year, I bought it. Their target marketing worked. But to try and pretend it's good would be too much. Good Albums are Chilis, N-band, Cracker, Pixies, distinctive, rich in sources, literate. I'm not 15 anymore, I'm 27. *Bandwagonesque* smells like teens purring and I'm getting the hairball.

David Mayhem
Kelowna

If you listen closely, you can hear the waves breaking now. Surf's up dude. Ed™

Dear Airhead,
Since when did a band's garb become more important to their performance than their musical abilities (unless, of course, the band is Kiss or New Kids on the Block)? Helen G., is Real Live Action a fashion show for you?

Signed,
also disgruntled by Scooter's diatribe on C. Love,
Elspeth Haughton
Victoria

Helen G's Reply: I ask of you: where in my review do I say anything about clothes being more important than the music? All I say is I was surprised by Jean Smith's attire and delighted by Kreviss's. Both bands appeared to have put some consideration into their appearance

and I appreciated that as an integral part of their performance. Perhaps I should review gigs blindfolded?

HEY, I'LL MEET YOU AT THE ROXY

Airhead,
It took four years for the thumb-head, jocko-homo crowd to ruin classix nite at Lux-A-Fair; it has taken less than six months for the same crowd to ruin disco night at the Cruel Elephant. Who would have thought that ten years after high school we would still have to dodge shoulder bunts from macho dorks? The point of having more than one kind of club is so we can remain separate. How long 'til the fratboys give up dancing entirely and just perform a good old fashioned Delta-Doxa-Dicka circle jerk in the middle of the floor?!

To all you Bus. Admin. types with your whooping and pussy antics, get this straight — you are not wanted, nobody likes you, and the sooner you and your Luke Perry haircuts leave the Elephant, the sooner the rest of us can break out the red flares again without worry of getting trashed in the can.

Rob & Jim

P.S. I think the Budweiser special might have something to do with it. Shit and flies, you know.

Dear Airhead,

I'm writing to you because I see that you hold freedom in your press for real opinion that is lacking elsewhere.

I'm angry at this city for not providing certain attributes of my lifestyle that I think are deserving of attention. I prefer industrial music: I like to listen to it; I like to scream to it; I like to fuck to it; mostly I love to slam to it. This is where the problem comes in, I call it the industrial tease factor. This is where a club will play an industrial song ("Jesus Built My Hotrod" by Ministry for example) and expect nobody to slam.

I was kicked out of a club tonight, actually kicked is not the right word, I was pushed by my throat from the dance floor out onto the sidewalk by a rather large person. I, being a very small person, was not in the

position to act against this and may have said things that I shouldn't have, like "fuck you" for instance. Actually, very much like "fuck you." But the "fuck you" may not have even been toward them. It was toward the backward movement that Vancouver has taken since I moved here two years ago. So if the "fuck you" was directed toward the club than it was because they are playing the game by the rules invented by the scene here (which could use a serious kick-start in the born-again-hardcore direction).

I salute DJ June for her contributions in Mekanikal Objekt Noize and her past DJ work at the Twilight Zone (Yes, I was one of the few who showed upon those Tuesday nights long ago....)

But now there is nothing. So I sit awake, bored, frustrated, and naked in the glow of a borrowed word processor, wanting to scream but afraid of the echo from all the empty heads.

Rob

P.S. Anybody wanna help start a club?...I need 30 grand.

Rob met Rob and Jim. In my humble medical opinion, the three of you are suffering from acute clique rejection. The people that you're rebelling against are those whom you emulated in the past:

Rob and Jim —
the "jocko-homo,"
"macho dork" "Bus. Admin. type"; Rob — the bulked by steroids; 30 grand a year club bouncer.
Individuality is a unique trait, don't lose it to ignorance. Ed™

DISORDER: THE CURE FOR THE "LIFE IS SHIT," "RADIO HERE SUCKS" BLUES

Dear Airhead,
Let's face it, life is shit. There's not much that's worth doing, nothing too thrilling to look forward to, and, unless you've killed someone, not too many people have much to reflect upon. The world is overrun with politics, christianity, hypocrisy,

conformity and rap music. But, somewhere out of this voided mass of pointless confusion lurks the *Discorder*. A place where you can say fuck and still feel loved. (sarcasm)

I haven't gotten hold of a *Discorder* in few months, but if Jules Killam is still writing his column, "The Abattoir," I just want to say that from what I've read of his articles, I think I love his mind. (I especially liked his January article on sex.)

Anyway, could you please send me a subscription so I could indulge in your wonderful magazine more often? Thanks.

Peace and Anarchy,
Dale North
Sumnerland, BC

Dear Airhead,
One subscription please, thank you.

C. Dopke
Lincoln City, Oregon

P.S. We just moved to the coast from Chicago — radio here sucks big time. We found your magazine in Portland and we like it. Gotta keep in touch.

How's the weather?

© STUPID DUMMY HEADS ©





SECRETS ENTRUSTED TO A FEW



BY JUDITH BEEMAN

It's an all local book bonanza! This month "subtext" features a slew of local writers. Everyone mentioned here has released new work this year.

Michael Turner: Being compared to one of the world's greatest friends, Studs Terkel (famed for *Working*, an oral history of workers in America), is good news for someone releasing his first book of prose poetry *Company Town* (Pulp Press). Turner, whose "day" job is playing with the hillbilly ensemble Hard Rock Miners has created a fictional history lesson which should have our labour/fishing community feeling proud.

Michael worked in a fish canery on the Skeena River as a teenager. A great playing party mind-numbing work *Company Town*, releases in September since Turner tagged his last Coho, introduces us to the workers of the Raskell Packing Company (Raspaco for short) Raspaco has been better days and now amidst it's isolation (way up north with supplies came in by a VW Bug!) and economic hardships we view the town and it's people doing their business, yakking, drinking and of course, tending those fish.

The writing mixes a "green" employee's story with tales from longtime residents such as the Red Cross Lady, Dean Reardon (former) and the Storekeeper (30 years in September). I gave my dad this beautiful book on Father's day, he loved it!

Nick Bantock: The stunning *Griffin & Sabine* was released last year and this Fall the sequel, *Sabine's Notebook* (Chronicle) will be available. Comprised of postcards and letters (hands on, you actually pull the pages from the envelopes) the reader views correspondence written between the two strangers of the title. Bantock's astounding artwork is only surpassed by the web of intrigue the letters reveal. Considering this book did so well in sales and publicity (I first read about it in *Mademoiselle*) I wasn't prepared for such an offbeat twisted love story. I expect no less from the sequel.

Gerry Gilbert: Longtime host of Co-op radio's *radiofrancophonie* (Sundays 9pm), poet, photographer and film-maker, Gerry is the consummate artist/scene guy. I once waved hi from inside the Japanese Deli as he passed by on the street. He wound up coming in, sharing

some food and giving me a copy of a mimeographed book he had just completed. He's that approachable. Last Spring the Contemporary Art Gallery, 655 Hamilton featured a 40 year look at his photographs. **Now Hands:** The *Catalogue* has just been released and features two essays as well as pictures from the show. Two local bookstores very familiar with Gilbert's work are R2B2 on 4th and Colophon on Cordova.

Bill Bissett: Bill is a local poet who spends his time between here and London, Ontario. In the 60's he began his blew ommittent press to self-publish his first and others. **Inkcorret Thoti** (Talonbooks) is the title of his latest book and, as always, features Bill's take on sound language. Through repetition of key words and writing words as they sound—to him—(dja get what I mean) the title uhv his book wd translate to "incorrect thoughts". Bissett expresses his thots, uh, thoughts as this (along with a few drawings for good measure). Titles of poems include: *byond treatment*, *lemning tango*, and, *th undktrks uv democracy* (about one Wm Vanderzalm).

Dennis E. Bolen: What's in a name? Dennis first novel *Bolen* came up with a great moniker for his parole officer protagonist: *Barry Delta*. The novel is *Stupid Crimes* (Anvil) and Dennis has already sold the film rights and retained control over writing the script. He sold the script before a glowing review appeared in *Toronto's* weekend edition of the *Globe & Mail* (then someone else called up wanting to grab it). Things are looking good for this UBC Creative Writing grad who, surprise, has worked as a parole officer for fifteen years.

What's a stupid crime? Here's a fitting true example. Remember some months back when that guy on parole paid a visit to his P.O.'s office with a rifle. Shooting up the building was about as stupid as it gets. Even worse, the guy used survival insurance when it happened. *Stupid* I mean utterly senseless and dumb.

While Delta has his flock of "bad" guys, this is also the story of his relationship with women. There are the regular con's like Steve and Wayne: typical lumphads who use

words like "nigger" and lose their leather jackets. There's Barry's steady girlfriend who leaves one day, nah, he couldn't see it coming. Barry himself knows he's a bit of a cad, he can "acquire" the women, stroke them and care for them...just not for long. Then it gets...boring? messy? responsible? As a character Barry Delta is at times all too real...

Stupid Crimes is black and humorously surreal. The on duty/ off duty scenes are juggled with skill and timing. There's glimpses of Vancouver here and there (though nowhere near as much as insinuated by the jacket cover). I would see the film version of this book.

Black Cat collective is a new addition to the literary scene around town. The Black Cat crew consists of Lisa Marr (ex-Editors of this very mag), Anne Jew and Robi Howatson. Their first collection of stories *the skinnier leg of the journey* should be out this month. The nine tales center on travels both spiritual and physical...

I had the great pleasure of seeing Victoria's Robin Skelton readings with Susan Musgrave at the Vancouver Art Gallery last year. Robin, quite the character, wears shades of black, huge rings on every finger, is a Witch. His hair is white, his beard long. His latest collection of stories, *Higgledy Piggledy* (Pulp) is all first person narrative. Pull up a chair... And by the way Susan Musgrave's collected nonfiction (like the stuff she used to write for the *Sun*), *Great Musgrave*, which came out three years ago is excellent and still available: a tad dull, witty and totally humane. What a great writer. **New Comics and Dysfunctional Comics** are giving up and-coming local artists a voice. New Comics has been advertising it's existence and is slicker than *Dysfunctional Comics*, who aim to publish every second month (third issue out now). Write D.C. @ #20—1339 Barclay Street, Van, V6E 1H6. Speaking of comic Bryce Thing has been publishing his *Janeflesh* for two issues now. The junkflesh world is not a happy one I'm afraid. Great use of black and space. Smash gallery is selling it. **Ian Boothby** is also a local cartoonist. His series *Squares* (not a typo) is filled with little truths and involves three friends and, I

believe, an alien. Just a few issues so far. Ian lives @ #203-125 W. 10, Van, V5V 1K7 if you want more info... **STAMMER** was my big find at the recent Free Press Festival. This totally fun "zine" is put out by Steve MacDonald, who recently moved here from Ontario. Each issue has a theme, the latest (65) being violence. A mix of cartoons, news clippings and slightly juvenile stories (we like 'em that way) **STAMMER** is only topped in content by Steve's effective marketing play of including a "magic pouch" with each issue. Each pouch is different, mine included stitches and a condom. At mere \$2.25 this could be just what you're looking for. Available at Octopus books, Scratch records and other fine shops. The next issue is on "Love." For more info write Steve @ #204-1204 Comox, Van, V6E 1K6... **Ed Varney** took 18 years between publishing his third and fourth books of poetry. His recent collection *what the wind said* (Castlin) includes his totem pole style drawings and notes on the human condition. Both this book and his last *Human Nature* (collage and poems circa 1974, my numbered

copy is 246) are dedicated with love to his family... Any cyclists out there? Ever do any touring? Books like *Bicycling Vancouver Island* (Gulf Islands) by Priest/Kilat (also one for the Lower Mainland) are really inspiring and come in handy. Two good sports book shops are Mtn Co-op (Yukon/8th) and Sports Book Plus (230 E. Broadway).

Hey gang, sharpen your pencils and tune up the computer. The 15th Annual International 3-Day World Contest approaches. Registration for this event is a mere ten dollars, and gives you the go ahead to write from 12:01 on Saturday, September 5 to midnight, Monday September 7. Three days to create the literary concoction of your choosing. You're permitted to have an outline prior to the contest but uh... no actual writing till the big day. No length limits but entries average 100 typewritten pages. Piece of cake. About 500 people enter yearly. For more info write the folks at Anvil Press (who by the way have taken over the contest from Pulp Press) @ #15-1114 Main Street, Van, V5T 3E3.



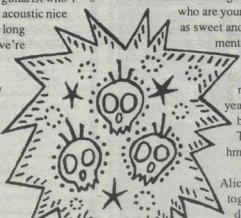
MICHAEL

TURNER was born in North Vancouver, B.C. in 1962. As a teenager, he spent his summers working on the Skeena River. After graduating from

the University of Victoria with a degree in anthropology, he helped form the Hard Rock Miners, a Vancouver-based hillbilly band who record on the Einstein Bros./Sony label. His poems have appeared in numerous periodicals, journals, and anthologies in Canada. *Company Town* is his first book.

She's pretty good from what I'd read at the Free Press Festival where I was too cheap to buy her books spending all my dough on comics and snooker I oughta be ashamed but I like her style I call her she calls me back hey guess what I'm reading tomorrow night what luck sure I'll show up see ya/oh yeh gallery 56 gastown's a mass of yahs having goodtime Friday night we up to piano bar or spaghetti house not me primed for poetry with three quont'em folks well one guitarist who i s gary bourgeois wearing specs-yo bro curly hair white tank top flamenco gettar acoustic nice change from you know what/silly me show up at nine not a soul of course for go long bike ride stanley park west end visit bookstore on granville kiss sales guy we're related and hey tis ten pm go back oh dear still not many people but gary playing music aise sez hello we get shussed for being too loud bluish I eat muffin coffee feeling like good damedd hollywood producer or sumthing I ain't/ showtime **hilarly peachblossom** first up nother stuff but coveer version huh? well okay she gets points for reading facing the glass facing the street into the face of the flushed semidrunks having fun on way to next beer well I hope they weren't driving home then a duet with alice then alice reading e.e.cummings stuff but not the one I know do you know that one "may I feel said he?" a fun poem first year college stuff they I wonder if alice went to college maybe even Langara like me trust me it's not imperative at all/then the girls read some romance novel stuff but not the "hot stuff" as someone demanded both reading at the same time did it work? well "work" is all subjective isn't it? then they read stuff from Canada's *Chataleine* mad mixed with a description of a wild mushroom and that was funny well for a bit anyhow then terry crane came on stage and read from memory very smooth that real short poem of e.e's

which mentions "buffalos" and "mr. death" darned near stole the show but it's not that sort of situation/more guitar and hey knockout jazzy bluezy piano from total stranger he's got to be a pro save in a nice way and I'm out of there almost go to see Kriviss down the street but nah not tonight go home and read alice's book of prose *Plane Crash Survivors* and wait till the next day to call her of course not before noon c o s we all know that good news sleeps till noon at least/ I want to ask alice stuff like how old are you? who are your influences? fav colour? what music moves you? and you are really truly as sweet and cool as your writings suggests/what can I say this is top notch poetry she mentions stuff like lights n carmuro cars n cops n alice cooper n emotion n skinheads n moose whoon this chick is a pure canadian diesel kick—prose like this makes me happy and she checks in wanting people to be nice and not jerks/what more can one ask for?/but stop the train in all my years as a telephone operator and yes sir I looked up loads of frames in directory before I became a "real" operator I have never seen the name TEPEXCUNTLE before (tep - ex - quint - le is how you pronounce it) and hummm I find that very mysterious. fin.



Alice, Kendrick James, Sheri D. Wilson and Terry Crane will be performing together during this years Fringe Festival in beautiful Mount Pleasant directed by Hilary Peachblossom. In the meantime you can purchase either of Alice's two books *Orange Tracks Road* or *Plane Crash Survivors* (on her own Zapazoli Press) for a mere 5 dollars by writing "subtext" (box 4636, MPO, Van, V6B 4A1) and I'll pass on the info to Alice who will probably have her books available in fine stores soon, but why wait?

Alice Tepexcuntle

PISS QUEEN

Common sense n. 1: sound and prudent judgement 2: the unreflexive opinions of ordinary men. —Merriam Webster
Why we interviewed Piss Queen is slazy:

- a) they are friends of mine
- b) I can't think of any other way that might alert people to the very excellent venue they always play. (Said venue is in constant danger of police obliteration and does not need media attention.)
- c) they are friends of mine
- d) they are bigger than me
- e) they got me stoned more than once

Piss Queen are a cornerstone to the ultimate D.I.Y. scene. Meaning, they fuck with the heads of the mainstream, but they still drink, do drugs and eat lots of rabbits. Known to incorporate a showcase of other talents at their shows, like budding rap stars and a topless female friend doing Geeg classic "Drink, fight, and fuck." Piss Queen, live, always proves to be entertaining. Their onstage presence fluctuates between shred and suck, depending on substance abuse overload and bouncer abuse overload. You may call them

offensive, self-destructive, sick, wrong and unnatural, but I dare you to say it to their face ya little suburban, panty-waist piece of shit.

Disorder's Redd McJann interviewed Garry, the drummer of Piss Queen and main man behind Dysynter recordings. What are you doing with Dysynter recordings?

Garry: I wanna do Modern Erection, Peanut Gallery, and the Kamiferus Raunch FUX.

Can any fucked-up punk band call you and you'll do a demo?

You know it, I'm in the directory.

Do you have any more of those posters with the Queen holding up a bouquet of dildos?

No, I don't even have one of those for myself.

Banned from the Crud Elephant: AT BOTTL locations, Piss Queen were told, we believe the second time to ring true forever, it was the worst show in PQ history: possibly the worst show in the world ever.

During the set the bassist went back to the band room and passed out for two songs, then came back out and played another three and has no recollection of doing so. The Crud Elephant audience boomed, but were a lot less abusive than at the first C.E. show on Granville, where the band and audience were met with a barrage of broken glass and dildos.

Closed door at the Twilight Zone: How much did you get paid? We got fifteen dollars and one beer.

How many people were there? About 80 to 100.

The Lunatic Fringe
Tell me about the highlights. Well, playing to ten people, that was pretty good. Don't get me wrong, I like the place, I love drinking in that bar, but why are people gonna come and see us on a Monday or Tuesday when they can go there on the weekend and get just fuckin' wasted and see bands.

Any gigs coming up? We have a new bass player and a gig coming up in July, look for posters.

With the apparent domination of the "Seattle Sound" in music, and the almost complete and total saturation of the metal/thrash scene today, it is truly a dosage of fresh decibels to find a band who still love to play it fast, heavy, and loud. Make that... *extremely loud!*

Introducing Facepuller, "The Loudest Band In The World," consisting of vocal-basspuller Brent, drummer Brad, and guitarist Ian. This power/noise trio, on their debut full-length release *Cranial Expansion Device*, fuse the elements of hardcore, industrial, and thrash genres while still defying them all.

The band, who was hospitalized once to get me tag along to their gig and "do the Marley" with them (which was very cool!), shared a few insights regarding their sonic assault for the masses.

Disorder: How did the band evolve?
Brent: Brent and I previously played in a band called Super Caustic Fertilizer, which is history, and after that ended we got together, jammed a bit ourselves, and put an ad in the *Georgia Straight*. That's how we got Ian. Five or six weeks later, we recorded our first single. Brent: We played the Arts Club Theatre to a packed house; it was one of the last shows before they tore it down. After that we played with Poison Idea and the Melvins, which was pretty hilarious.

Who does the songwriting?
Brent: We all do.
Brent: We just all make suggestions. We hash out certain riffs, and then try to put together what works. After we get some kind of arrangement, music-wise, then Brent will write some lyrics to that. That's basically how the song is formed.
Brent: Sometimes we'll be setting up to do a rehearsal or something, and one of us will come up with a riff or a drum beat... all of a sudden we've got a song. Usually it takes me five or ten minutes to write the lyrics to a song. It just happens.

So what kind of music influences your writing?
Brent: Helmet, Nomeansno, the Ramones. Ian: I listen to all sorts of things, everything's an influence.
Brent: Yeah, everything is either an influence or an anti-influence. You can play off things that you detest, and you can warm up towards things that you admire. But, Tony Bennett is one very punk crooner. You know, he makes Sinatra and Dean Martin look pale by comparison.

Ian: And Tom Jones!
Brent: Tom Jones is a pair of tight black slacks with a plastic firm in his pants.
Brent: In those moments Nana Mouskouri really does it for me. She had me raging in the mosh pit last night! She was intense.
Brent: Nana Mosh-kouri!

What's the separating quality between you and the other bands around?
Brent: Weight. Individual body mass.
Brad: As far as writing, recording and performing, we're a lot more spontaneous. We don't like to think things over. When we record, we go in and walk out of the studio four hours later with almost finished product. When we play, we walk in and leave the place absolutely decimated. There is nobody in the band who is cracking a whip or anything.
Brent: There is no dictator.
Brad: And we have no management, agent, promotions or anything like that. We did it all ourselves. We just wanted to keep a handle on things.
Brent: All we've got is some distribution and everything else we handle on our own.
Ian: We're sort of on our own, we're not really part of any scene. We're just separate from anyone, and we don't ask for any favours. We don't get as much recognition around town sometimes because we don't suck up to people.

Brad: As far as the Vancouver scene goes, we play and we like to help other bands out, but it's

not like we're in any type of clique... which is the way things are starting to go with this scene. We're just do what we do, and see do it on our own. I think there's more integrity involved that way.

Is there anything in the works to get your CD out in the U.S.?
Brent: We've been approached.
Brad: Only when the U.S. is convinced that you're an established band, and you're guaranteed of selling so much do they get interested. They're only interested in numbers. If you don't have numbers saying "yeah, we've sold this much," they don't want to know otherwise.
Brent: Which is kind of unfortunate because we like to listen to bands based on their merit, not their marketability. I like a lot of bands that no one has heard of before, and it would be nice if more people knew about these bands. But they just don't have the means of getting their music out.

Well, how did you guys go about getting it out?
Ian: Just do it for yourself. That's the only way. Brent: We don't like all these marketing terms or talking about artists, we're just a band and we rock out... and people like it.

But how do you create that vibe that gets people interested?
Brent: You don't. We've played with a few "big name" alternative bands, and these guys talk to their friends... word just gets around. The one thing that's for sure is that we haven't compromised, even from the very first show that we played. You can't buy, or coordinate, or calculate success. If people like what you do, they will like it. If they don't like it, they won't like it. There's no in-between. Either you do, or you don't.

How did "The Loudest Band in the World" tag come about?
Brad: That was not the coined phrase. That was a phrase put upon us by other people just for sheer fact that we are loud and live. That is something we are not willing to compromise.

Do you see a future for the band out there?
Brad: The fact being is that this stuff has been happening on the underground for a long, and has built up such a base, the industry really can't ignore it. It's not like it's anything new; it's always been there and only now is it getting the recognition it deserves.

What can we expect from you?
Brent: More of the same.
Ian: More gigs, more releases.
Brad: We don't like to be analytical of everything, or to try to manipulate things to get ourselves higher. It's just what happens. Just kick back and keep doing what you're doing. Brent: There's far too many good bands to start elbowing your way around. You always hear the story that one or two percent of the bands out there are actually going to do anything, gain any notoriety, sell any amount of records, and stuff like that. So, if success comes... great! If not, we're having a heck of a time as three fun-loving male go-go dancers.

And how do you define success?
Brent: I haven't seen any of that yet. Maybe you could explain to me what success is.
Ian: Bigger amps... and bigger gold chains.
Brad: When it happens, we'll let you know.

Sum it all up for me guys...
Brent: I see Facepuller as two words: all out Ian! Hyperdolic industrial noisecore.
Brad: Loud...

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TALES FROM THE KREVVIS

BY SHAWN CONNER

1 he sign on the door reads: "Surgery has cancelled." The phrase "Surgery has been cancelled" would've been more aesthetically pleasing, but what could I do? This is the Cruel Elephant, not VGH, and the Surgery in question is not open heart but the Amphitheatre Reptile recording artists of the same name from New York.

So it comes to be that Vancouver's beloved Krevis, originally second on the triple bill, ends up headlining the club that gave them their start just over a year ago.

It's a good time to mark their progress. In the past year they've played sporadically here, Seattle, Portland and Victoria. They have also graced one side of SUB POP single (the minor side going to Moca Normal). Not bad for a band many people, Krevis members included, would not have predicted would last until the end of that first set, never mind a full year.

The newly refurbished Krevis, whitened down to eight members from ten, takes the stage of the Elephant and plays a half-hour set to a dancefloor crowded with standing, enthused Elephant ragers. Reaction to the band is mixed: someone who'd seen their first show is disappointed, someone else says he liked the idea more than the execution, and a long-haired freak says "it rocked, man."

Love'em or hate'em, Krevis is beyond good or evil. Krevis is Krevis; unlike most musicians cranking out unpolitic noise, sure, some traces of "professionalism," i.e. timing, seem to be creeping in, and the confidence they exhibit belies a band coming to terms with the stage. (No doubt it helped being in an atmosphere as friendly and conducive to wanton acts of guitar exhibitionism as the Elephant.) But in their best moments, when they break away from a generic, cheatbeat, the five-guitar wall of sound thrives to take off and rock the house with pure energy.

When I sat down the next day with four members to talk about the Krevis experience, they generally seemed pleased with the show, despite a struggle to come up with a longer set. "We were originally just going to do a really short set," Sandra,

the bass player, says. "We were adding songs as we went along."

I wondered what they'd do for material for their first gig, opening up for Urge Overkill, three short weeks after the fledgling Krevis first fissured, so to speak.

"I had a few songs," says Sara, who handles the lion's share of the vocals and plays some guitar. "We kind of just threw things together." Two of those first songs, "You Think" and "Going to Hell," have survived the year.

"I was so nervous [at their first gig] I think I kept my back to the audience nearly the whole time," Sara says.

In the beginning, Krevis was Sara's brainchild, though she scoffs at the term. "I just asked a lot of people, and a lot showed up," she says. She admits the band's name was her idea, as was the spelling. "I wanted a heavy metal-type spelling. It was a whim; a dumb whim."

Did they think at the time the band would last as long as it has? "It has lasted much longer than I thought it would," Sheila, the band's lead guitarist, says. "I thought it would just last that show... it was basically a dare."

Kevin, one of the two drummers, got called when the band needed someone keeping time for a gig in Olympia last August at the International Pop Festival. "I knew Donna [the other drummer, who left temporarily to pursue a certificate in hairstyling] was coming back but I wanted to be part of the band. Right off the bat I liked what they were doing. I hit it off with everyone."

Only Sara, Kevin, and Sandy (guitar/vocals) had been in bands prior to Krevis. Kevin was in an indie Christian rock band called The Crusaders (a double 7-inch single soon to be released "posthumously"). Sandy was in a Victoria ensemble called Menstrual Spange; and Kevin was in Lik Dirt and the Surf Hippies.

I ask Kevin what the differences are between Krevis and his two previous outfits.

"Krevis don't take themselves nearly as seriously, they're more relaxed, more fun. But at the same time, they're more professional in the goals they set. After just a few months Krevis was playing the International Pop Festival and going into Profile Recording Studio."

A live track recorded in Olympia will be included on an International Pop Festival compilation, while one of the four tracks recorded at Profile Studios, "LOU," is included on the recent *Kill Rock Stars* compilation. "Going to Hell" from those sessions made it onto the Sub Pop single.

Sara, Sandra, Sheila and Kevin are pleased with the sound of the single. About the Sub Pop release, Sheila says "I didn't believe it when I heard. I thought it was just some rumour. It still feels like a big joke. It's kind of strange, out of all the bands in Vancouver."

"We stayed late, until seven in the morning when we remixed it," Sandra says. "For me, it was the most rewarding thing I've done within Krevis. It made me regard our music differently. It's the best representation of our sound."

"Krevis has changed a lot since I joined. It's like noisy [cheerful]. It's not really punk, not really pop. It's punk for some, like Sandy and Sara."

Certainly the attitude is punk; though their style of music does owe much to the cheerfulness that SUB POP and Seattle have made so (in)famous, their do-it-yourself attitude is what sets them apart from other faster and more proficient bands. Especially now that Big Money's involved, a lot of musicians who might have thumbed their noses at practicing scales a few years ago now know their fretboard intimately. Not Krevis. "Scales!" Sandra laughs. "I don't think anyone in Krevis practices scales." No one objects.

I make the mistake of describing their sound as having some similarities to Hole's....

"Please," Sara, who is capable of unleashing some truly blood-curdling, ear-piercing screams, says. "I'm sick of being compared to Courtney Love." Her upper lip tremors at the mention of the name. "I don't think I sound anything like Courtney Love, vocally or lyrically. I mean, I don't listen to any of those [all-female] bands, I listen to Joni Mitchell and Eartha Kitt."

The suggestion that perhaps Courtney Love shares these two influences is greeted with an edgy laugh. Somewhere in the distance a cat scratches.

What about the anger in songs like "You Think" and "Expose" and "Going to Hell"? Where does that come from since the band seems to be pretty much apolitical, and no one seems motivated by any particular issues.

"Well, I guess it's a chance to let it out," Sara says. "I mean, I'm not



shy, I'm very social, but not very confrontational. I guess I let things slide some, but I've got bottled up inside. Then, when I'm onstage, it's my time. Those twenty minutes, or whatever, are precious. It's mostly a fun thing. I'm certainly for equality and women's issues, and most of us live 'alterna-tive' lifestyles, so we have a no-one viewpoint we're all trying to get across."

"See, I think the people in Hole would be fucked if they didn't have that avenue," says Sandra. "That's not the case with Krevis at all. It's more of an art thing, an aesthetic. Besides, we have a hard enough time getting all our stuff to a gig."

In spite of, or perhaps because of the Sub Pop signing, Krevis is not the most highly respected local band (though God knows who would want to be), but they work hard and are well aware of their limitations and other people's opinions. The idea of "ten girls with guitars" (the original concept, watered down slightly to "five girls with guitars, one with a bass and two drummers") is not one to instill a sense of respect. Awe, maybe, intrigue, definitely, but not necessarily respect.

What about charges that things have come easier to them because there are so many women in the band?

"Oh yeah," Sandra says, "I'm sure there's a lot of leeway in that. Especially at the beginning I'd say we got away with a lot of shit that girls would have got booted off the stage for. We're aware of the opportunities we've had, as absolute beginners, our first show opening up for Urge Overkill... I have lots of sympathy for people who spend years in their rooms and who are accomplished musicians but maybe don't have the social contacts. And of how lucky we've been, allowed to progress in

the public eye. But who's to say that's bad, if people want to come out and see us. I used to think it was an abuse of the audience... We've definitely benefitted from people's tolerance. It's a gender thing, we're allowed to fuck up more whereas a guy is maybe expected to be a brilliant guitarist."

"We don't fear falling into a trap because that would assume some enormous goal to be hindered from, whereas we have just kind of taken things one opportunity at a time. I see Krevis as a social phenomenon as opposed to an internal musical goal that could be hindered by people's expectations."

A description that sounds more like a rehearsal football game than a rehearsal: half an hour of actual playing and two-and-a-half hours of padding.

"We try really hard, especially now. For a long time people just used it as a social gathering. We still spend a lot of time talking about songs or what gigs to do, since it's about the only time we're all able to get together," Sheila says.

Decisions like which gigs to take are frequently voted upon. If there's a mini-tour down South and one person can't make it for a particular date, the date will get changed. A recent gig in Seattle would have seen them playing a CD release party for the *Kill Rock Stars* compilation at the O.K. Hotel, but for the fact that they were stopped at the border. A carful of Krevis was allowed through, but the other half of the band in a van were sent back. The 1/2 Krevis (in fact, those not present at the interview: Donna, Sandi, Jennifer, and Fiona) went on to play a two-song set at the gig anyway and, apparently, had a great time, the other half with some envy.

With eight amateur musicians in the room there must be some pretty interesting music terms flying around. Is communication sometimes difficult?

"Well, you can't get too technical with Krevis, that's for sure," Sandra says. "I've said it's like driving a car for a year, then someone asks you how many wheels are on the car and you have to get out and count them." Sheila says, "The only thing that springs to mind is when somebody in the band told someone else they were supposed to be playing on the sixth string and they had to count the strings."

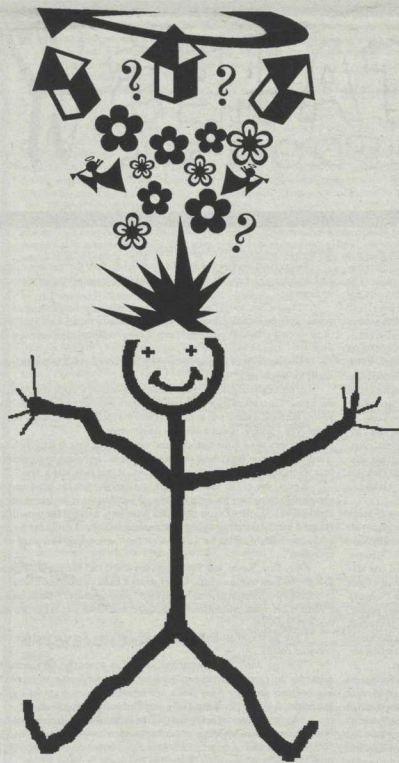
Where do they see themselves going with this? Cross-Canada tour? American tour? CD? "We don't really think about it," says Sandra. "We usually have something to do, the next gig or more recording or whatever. We're for things one day at a time."

Finally, I ask how seriously they take the band. Sandra says some are more serious than others, but mostly it's all for fun. Sara said she was in it for the long haul, that she "loves everything about being in a band." Kevin says he sees the band getting somewhat bigger than they are now, and would like to see the band do a short North American tour and more recording. Sheila, too, wants to do more recording.

For now, Krevis seems satisfied with the band as a creative outlet, and everyone seems to be having a good time. "The great thing about Krevis," Kevin explains, "is that anyone can try anything."

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LUVAFAIR

Zolt...ZZz...Zolty...Zolty Cracker. Ho Hum, Joe's Cafe run, Ron on a drum, Gilles takes to turn...it's Annie who low ends it, keeps it down, with bass, as she does.

Met with Ron Adams of Zolty Cracker in a small park just off Commercial Street. Under clear skies we drank cold beer while discussing the band. A year and a half of time has elapsed since Gilles and Ron first got together to make music.

Gilles plays an acoustic guitar in a real pleasing way, as he explores with his guitar, searching for a great chord upon which to sit and breathe, or rather hum, while Ron pounds out some rhythms on his West African drum and Annie wanders through on bass. This three piece from East Vancouver has a demo available that features some songs that they recorded up at SFU. One of the songs, "Skeptical Pig," also has a video which the band hopes will generate some interest as they reach the stage of wanting to put out a record.

The connection with SFU came about as a result of Ron taking a recording course offered by the University. As is usually the case at one of those institutions of higher learning, one must be very diligent about keeping pace with the often

rigorous schedules drawn up by the course organizers. Because of the overwhelming workload associated with this course, free studio time is available to eager students who wish to catch the eye of one of the weathered instructors.

In what must have been a stressful time for Ron, both Gilles and Annie proved more than understanding. You see, Ron had all this studio time available to him in hopes that he would become somewhat proficient at using the hardware he had just recently befriended. What better way to use the time than to record some songs with their little band? Of course Gilles and Annie obliged, such thoughtful bandmates.

Enter the demo. Hey, wait a minute Ron, that ain't the reason you took the course to begin with is it? What of your aspirations to be soundman for Superconductor? What of your recordings of Beluga whales suffering their dreadful plight in the littered waters of the St. Lawrence? The demo rocks and everything but isn't there a measure of deceit in this broth? Do they read *Discorder* up there?

Through Ron I learned that Gilles sees the band as a sponge. It works like this when the band plays their music they are squeezing the sponge; after squeezing the sponge they are able to draw in more from

their audience and surroundings. If this concept is too much of a reach for you try Ron's approach, it has a real layman's flair to it. "When we play it is like taking a shit rather than taking shit."

Now that takes it down to the base level. Rather primal I think. In fact, in many ways, Zolty Cracker's music is somewhat primal. It has a roots appeal most evident because of the acoustic guitar and djembe. But unlike so much roots music it doesn't limit itself to conventional song structures, Zolty Cracker strive for something natural, something that comes directly from within. And as Ron says "if that happens to be something different then that is good."

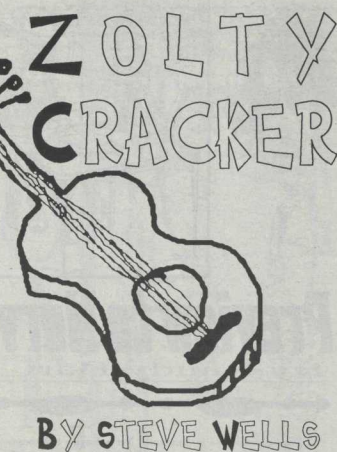
This approach usually makes music that is intimate, exciting, and at times unpredictable. A song called "Don't" is worth describing. Beneath the fine music there is a haunting wall throughout the tune. Annie is in on this action and the effect is a little sinister. Overall of this comes the words. Many of them the same words that appear on the collage that makes up the cassette's cover. While they might be thrown together at random they have an undeniable link to one another, like a real loaded sentence with all the junk scraped clean to bare the guts. Great song.

Zoom to the present, or some-

where around there...that's them, that is Zolty Cracker, in Amsterdam and Ron has gotten the bad end of a technicians robot, why he has taken the form of a beat box. Gilles and Annie are there in real life. They are not on tape. The band has taken a bit of a leave from the grind, a three month hiatus, before regrouping and focusing their energy on turning over a record.

So they are in Europe busking and handing out the cassette and doing some creative replenishing I would imagine. You know, mass amounts of Sangria, gallons of cheap wine blended occasionally with Mateus to ease the liver. The music no doubt carries off pretty well when played on the street. Ron told me of a time they were busking out front of the Commodore at David Byrne's second show during the Music West festivities. They sold cassette and pulled in 50 bucks while being wooed by several recording industry hawks right there on Granville Street. Not bad.

Zolty Crackers should be back by the end of the summer. If you are looking for something a little different from the shit you hear on most radios these days search them out. If they were a mode of transportation Zolty



Cracker would be an off trail chuck wagon. If they were a vegetable they would be an eggplant, and if they were a washroom they would be a cabo.

Soft pulling...sandpaper throat...vulnerable you and me...to the drum we jerk...to the voice we shook...Zolty Cracker.

"Just take a chance on life some chances won't come twice it could be everything never know till you try."

"Too Much Grey,"
Down By Law

Three letters—D.I.Y. On the surface, these letters represent a way to get things done with little outside help; taking chances without really knowing the consequences. Sparkmarker, however, are into taking chances and the notion of D.I.Y. has helped them to become a better band and also better people in spite of themselves.

My interview with Sparkmarker began as members Darren (bass), Kim (guitar) and Rob (drums) spoke of their conception with (now ex-guitarist) Alex and Kim meeting in high school in the summer of '90 to play the "yeah,

let's start a band, but who do you know?" game. "Well, I know this guy Darren who plays bass," says Kim, "and these guys I used to work with (voicist Ryan and Rob) could join too." Lo and behold, the birth of an other young combo had been established.

Gigging began and almost immediately they found a niche from which they could always garnish support: the veritable all-ages scene. By strange coincidence this all-ages support has had a long-standing effect on the band in that they have yet to play in a licensed club. However, by taking this stance, some may disapprove of this seemingly narrow-minded approach to surviving in the local scene. Not so according to Kim: "I think in a way that we could not have imagined, it made it



to - tally so much better for us. People don't get to see us as much as if we were playing bar shows, and when they do see us, they're not bored of us. We haven't overplayed Vancouver, and in an all-ages circuit,

there's almost no way we'll be able to overplay Vancouver."

Rob concurs: "At first people thought we weren't going to get anywhere because we were just doing all-ages shows. Now they see that it is working out, we are getting our name around, and people want to know what we're up to."

In order to keep the burgeoning local scene afloat, the need to create more opportunities for bands to play arose, and thus the creation of the Gest Quest Co-op. Another testament to the D.I.Y. code, it gave local, as well as out-of-town acts (past shows have brandished the likes of Big Drill Car and Seaweed), the chance to spread support and involvement where it could be the most appreciated. "We evolved with it [the Co-op] as much as it evolved with us," admits Kim. "Sooner or later it was going to happen that all these bands were going to want to play shows and not have a place to play, so they wanted to get together and put on their own."

Much of the evolution that took

place as a result of the Gest Quest Co-op in Sparkmarker happened musically. They appear to have shed some of the misnomers that they were a Dischord band (i.e. Fugazi) by continually shaping and creating a hardcore sound which can eventually

evade comparison. Rob explains, "I think there's always an idea brought up, for example, Kim might play a riff that we might jam on until something cool evolves from it, but I think that overall we definitely learned how to to work together more creatively."

Kim agrees: "Where we were a year ago, we were totally almost embarrassed. What were playing a year ago is totally different from what we're doing now." Of the band itself and its progression as a unit, Kim is quick to point out that "I think the band is more for the people in the band than for the listeners. It's such a learning process for all of us, dealing with each other. Being in a band is so much more than just playing music. We're not Sparkmarker, we're one person the band and together we have to get along. People call us 'Sparkmarker' and that's nice, but the reality of it is that we are just individual people playing music."

So now the collective unit known as Sparkmarker has been playing in and out of Vancouver for the last year and a half, and the culmination of their efforts landed them a West Coast tour as far as San Diego. More importantly, this tour was yet another accomplishment of

getting things done by yourself, and for the most part it has paid off quite nicely. Kim explains how it came to be: "I basically kicked it myself by phoning around, phoning people I've been in contact with for some time. I guess it depends on what you expect for a tour, but it's not that hard to find places to play."

Indeed it wasn't. Sparkmarker played shows with bands like Struggle, Nuisance and Underflow in places that range from full-scale all-ages venues to friends' garages. One thing's for sure, they would certainly do it all again and from all the support they gained while touring, it seems any band can get involved if they have the right attitude. "If you're just a band and you don't realize that there's an underground communication involved. You might say, it's so hard to get a show," exclaims Kim. "But if you become a part of that communication by writing letters, trading fanzines and records, so many people will want to help that it becomes overwhelming."

Proving that communication is a key to a band's success, Sparkmarker has taken some to insure success of their own. Kim has been writing his own fanzine (something Vancouver is in more need of) called *Zeitic*, filled with ideas, music et al., to expand your cranium and running his own record label, Final Notice Records, which puts out vinyl as frequently as humanly possible. A couple of his more recent projects include a 7" from Toronto's Phleg Camp and a Sparkmarker 7" due out later this summer.



photo by Curtis Pitts



Preview to Nerve Engine

By Randy Hart

In a basement suite in Vancouver, Nerve Engine have been creating incessantly for ten months. I had first heard a tape of their practice sessions a few months back and felt drawn to come out of my curiosity and experience their musical channeling first hand. My first visual glimpse of the band was that of shadows projected against an artistic wall. Their forms fused together and blew apart. I sat down, listened and realized that their music was in the shapes I saw.

An oscillation exists in Nerve Engine. They swing from a united group into spiritual soloists so smoothly that if it wasn't for their shadows I may have missed this exuberant pulsing. Michelangelo (guitar) plays calmly with a sound that shows the cayenne pumping through his fingers. Jared (bass and vocals) sings with a tranquil urgency and plays in his own diverse realm. Connecting with the bass, Blair (drums) drubs out waves and oceans of midnight jazz and funk,

while Lauri (vocals) dances out a subjugating voice of feminist lyrics and personal passion.

As a band, Nerve Engine have played together before: Ship of Fools. Out of that life came strong, emotional bonds. The familiarity of their common past gives them a comfortable present and the ability to all mature in the same direction. I would say that Jared summed up their past, present and future perfectly: "I hope people appreciate what we do and that we remain open to changing direction and influences."

Oscar Wilde said: "It is the spectator, and not life, that art mirrors." If so, Nerve Engine have placed a mirror in front of that mirror. They reflect the reflections of classical, jazz, funk and rock music ad infinitum. Influenced so honestly that only a natural sound can exist; neither forced nor pretentious.



Nerve Engine photo by Christopher Mitchell

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I don't like spineless music. All too often folk music falls into this category. I can think of nothing more tedious than the stereotypical whiny vocals and strumming acoustic guitar firing salvos of holier-than-thou moralism, passing out trail mix. The Stoaters do not fall into this category.

This Vancouver band has been playing for a few years, and really began to take shape about a year ago. In their time they've opened for an impressive list of folk-punk bands like Weddings, Parties, Anything, The Men They Couldn't Hang, and more recently, for the Oyster Band at the Commodore. The Stoaters live are something to behold, sending audiences slam-reeling to their enthusiastic blend of Celtic Rock that have gained them notoriety with Eastern audiences. Anyway, their music caught me by the bollocks, and I love it. I got a chance to interview mandolinist Dennis Crews, guitarist Robert Ford and accordionist Doug Schmidt awhile back....

Disorder: You've travelled a lot, how many times have you been across Canada?
Dennis: This will be our third time now. We did shows with Blue Rodeo in April and we've got a fourth tour lined up for July.
Robert: I don't know what it is but in the East we have so much more acceptance and in the midwest we sell out every night. When we play here in Vancouver, in the summer, we have to bribe our friends to get in.

Dennis: We've stuck to our guns though, we didn't get together to be a pop band and nobody's deviated from what we set out to do. When we started out we were playing for fish and chips, or playing for nothing. We just said that this is what we wanted to do. If somebody would have told me two years ago I would have been on Much Music and touring the country I would have told them to see their favorite fucking doctor. We just started out having fun with it and in the last 18 months we decided to take it more seriously.

People don't get that much of a chance to hear your music, it seems, but when they do they seem to go nuts.

Robert: We find this kind of music is big in certain areas, while in others...forget it.
Doug: We're not an Irish folk band anymore. We have our own sound, it's not like anybody else.
Robert: Remember that guy on the *Andy Griffith Show*, that guy who was always getting locked up?

Otis, the town drunk?
Yeah, if Otis was the lead singer of the Clash, and he wrote all the tunes, that would be us.

STOATERS



by AO Chapman

It seems like a lot of people who don't get a lot of exposure to Celtic music think it's one of two extremes. They either think it has to be the hokey "My head is like a football" cute leprechaun stuff or the Pogue's stuff, and no room in between.

Robert: Exactly! And there is room in between for a person who is maybe 19 or 20 but can't relate to a guy singing about Saskatchewan sunsets. And by the same token a person of no Celtic blood can't understand when you sing about Thatcher or the poll tax. We have a Celtic influence, but all of our songs are based on what happens in Canada. I can't write songs about sunsets, the world is not always that great of a place.

Anyway, that's why on the folk circuit there are the folkies who want to sit in a circle and join hands with the guy singing about Saskatchewan. The people that do that are doing it to gain mass acceptance from the audience who think it's an idyllic situation and think it'll be all great.

Doug: Whenever you do original material it's always a difficult road. It's the easiest thing to do other people's music because it's already accepted and you can't go beyond the limitations of that point.

Robert: We're not folk enough for a lot of the folkies, and a lot of folk promoters won't book us.
Doug: But that's a compliment because we're not a folk band.
Robert: Yeah, what the problem is, I guess, is that when you get over a certain decibel level it's no longer safe for the guy singing about sunsets. It's no problem with us because we've gone beyond that.

You have been recording a lot recently though?

Doug: We've done all the recording and the mixing. We've got some new ones and some live ones prepared too.

So you're putting an album together then? What label will it be on?

Robert: Libbys?

Dennis: Maybe Heinz....

Hockey Talk with Scott Henderson

By Excubus Manslaughter

Victoria has always been a mecca for indie talent and consequently a lot of bands have risen and fallen into the island's scene. However, one man who has stood the test of time is Scott Henderson. As former guitar-wizard for the power-trio Shovelhead he has influenced and helped other local bands taken their talent to the highest plateau.

So I'm giving Scott a call for an island update, to find out what's big and cool with his new band **Swell Prod.**, his **Incentive** label, upcoming freak show acts and cookie recipes.

For those of you wondering who in the hell Scott Henderson is let me give you a brief bio:

- ☛ He's been shot;
- ☛ Henry Rollins slept at his house and complimented his record collection;
- ☛ Shovelhead;
- ☛ The New Jersey Devil's biggest fan;
- ☛ The Minnesota North Star's biggest fan;
- ☛ Shovelhead;
- ☛ Founder of the Incentive Label;
- ☛ Shovelhead;
- ☛ now Swell Prod.

Discorder: So, Swell Prod played the **Crud Elephant** recently? Scott: Ya, but nobody showed up.

That surprises you? This is Vancouver.

No, that's typical for most large cities, the scene is more important than the actual content. I have a theory why so many good bands come from such out of the way

places; I think the problem is the larger the urban area the more lavishly imitated the arts seem to be.

Ya, you ever notice the really good acts in big cities come from small towns, or is that just my own bias? No, it seems to be the pattern: Buthole Surfers from Texas; Devo and Pere Ubu from Akron, Ohio; B-52's and R.E.M. from Athens,

Georgia. Even little old Victoria has had its share of good bands.

What's up with Swell Prod?

What we're doing is putting together a good, consistent set and hopefully a tape/cd release for Christmas. That's the short term goal. After that, who knows, we have a lot of weird ideas in the works. Some are really weird but I don't know if

we'll get a chance. Whether or not there's a label nibble is really a moot point right now.

Speaking of labels, let's do a deliberate plug for your Incentive Label, what's new?

Fracas has their tape coming out any day. They're in the Pigment Vehicle mode, very tricky, very intense. Interesting lyrics, including lyrics by Gertrude Stein. They're just a really good band. I may be doing some recording for Hoofarump as well and, of course, the Platypusses—loud music junk—may eventually write a song to record.

The good news with Incentive is we may be getting some money to release older stuff again the first Shovelhead, *Proud As A Moose*, *Shutdown*, and *Pigment Vehicle*. Perhaps even a "best of" Section 46, and the new Shovelhead as well. Maybe even a Neos release.

Whom do you think would look best with raw pork on their belly, Dustin Schwan, Jesus Bonehead, Tony Galluza or Wayne County? Ummmm...well, I've seen Dustin Schwan with a ham on his navel and it didn't do much for him. Bonehead would be the best, he's got the right physique.

Is Henry Rollins' head small or is his neck just big?

Well, we think his head is the same size, his body is just inflated to contain his ego. He's been bench pressing his ego again. Don't get me wrong, I think Rollins is great. He does what he does well and I don't think it's his ego as much as he's overwhelmed by his art, and the need to do it.

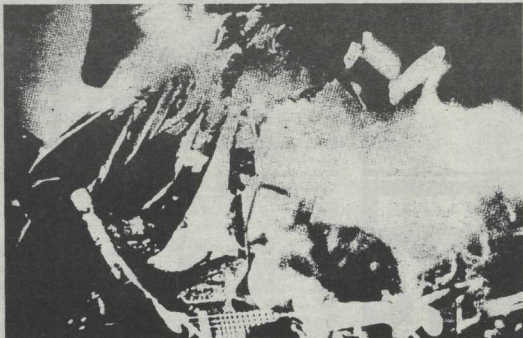
Henry seems like a nice enough guy. I think people like to bash bands that get noticed, just for the sake of slugging them. Like Jello, everyone shits on Jello. But didn't Jello say, "Punk ain't no religious cult, punk means thinking for yourself."

Well, let's face it, hardcore is fashion, and its survivors of the old school succeeded in making our lifestyle and interests acceptable to the general populace we initially rebelled against.

It's old school and new school now, and old school gets hacked.

Sorry about the New Jersey Devils.

Ya, they've taken the green out of the uniforms, I don't even care about them anymore.



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Dialing for Celebrities

Hello children, it's me Excubus. My therapist says I must let my feud with old Hank Rollins pass, therefore this week Caligulia of the Vasectemoids and I went on a marathon phoning spree. Ya, I'm really sorry to all you folks who can't take an honest mistake. Here's a little tidbit to all you Bowie fans... he doesn't live in Surrey.

Excubus: So are you Davie Jones of the Monkees?

D. Jones:... Click...

Man, a little uptight.

Caligulia: Man, there's gotta be a celebrity out there.

I decided to try and phone David Lynch in Langley but unfortunately there wasn't any answer. There were two G. Allens in the book but a lady answered the first number I picked and the second number was busy. Besides, do we really want to know why a grown man sticks microphones up his butt? Or maybe only I do?

So, Mr. Jones, what's this B.A.D II thing?

Nick Jones: Look, this isn't going to work, my name is Nick Jones and you're an idiot.

Ya, well, have you ever filled your underpants with raw meat, or swallowed a charcoal briquette?
N.J.: How's your mom?

Okay so I tried to pull a fast one, but Nick is a bit of a celebrity himself in some circles even though he has a way crooked nose and sinewy limbs...

Excubus Man slaughter

SUPER CONDUCTOR By Scooter

Intimidation is but a mere factor when trying to interview Vancouver's own Boner recording artists—might I add Boner's "biggest" recording artists—Superconductor, because the first hurdle is getting all nine members in the same room collectively. Divide and conquer, or so the saying goes, and this was the route I thought I would have most luck with; I couldn't have been more wrong. On first glance, the guys from Superconductor might seem like a harmless lot, individually, but a misinterpretation of their character is their advantage in the steel-cage match of rock and role.

Sort of like their music. Of course, on first witness of 6 guitars, 2 bass, and a drum on stage, anybody would observe this band as a novelty; a joke. Mistake. That's when you leave yourself most susceptible to the overkill that Superconductor so instinctively release musically. As witnessed by their debut CD, *Heavy With Puppy*, no mortal is safe from...overkill-core? over-core? uber-core! (you have just witnessed the evolution of a pegohele)

Weaned from the nipple of a common mother, the members of Superconductor conceived the band, originally, as a runt-of-the-litter approach to clearing out clubs, as the opening band, for acts they felt nobody should stay for. Things still kind of work that way, you just arrive later so as to miss the opening band and still catch Superconductor on a stage which has yet to contain them comfortably.

Without naming names, they've proven to be an influence on the west coast music scene leaving a trail of broken hearts, a membrane of fog from their "ecologically safe" London Fogger™ machine, and a swarm of fans rippling in the wake of their "ultra-knucklehead, ultra-thick wall of confusion style thunder rock." Besides dealing with the flack from being an all-gay band (no token female bass player here) and the comparisons to a new wave N-band, Superconductor have won awards for the Most Graphically Disgusting Independent 7" Sleeve; an accolade they wear with pride.

"Superconductor: an act of stupidity unequalled. A chance to feel emotions come alive."

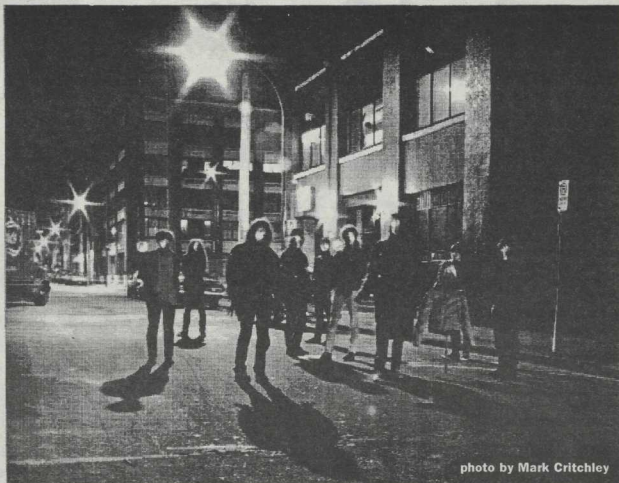


photo by Mark Critchley

namingly size, in North America, let alone the same city, spectacular? Excluding bands with horn sections. Karl: You also might ask the question, what are the odds of some band starting out doing something like this and becoming popular then, about a year later, another band doing the same thing?

Most Popular Man In The World" is in a jukebox in Hoboken, New Jersey at a club called Maxwell's? Karl: Hey, isn't that where the Velvet Underground recorded Live At Max's? No, that's in Kansas City isn't it. Sean: There was a chain of Max's.

Actually, there's a Mac's just on the corner but they sell Slurpees and shit.

Keith: I thought they were Slush-Cats? Sean: No, they changed it to Frosters, sadly enough. I guess there was some trouble from animal rights activists.

Sean, has Donovan heard your cover of "Colours"? [Which appears on the newly released Network tribute to Donovan]

Karl: Donovan has mentioned on various occasions that he likes us. There was an interview with him and he called us "a very powerful band."

It seems that with 9 people in the band it would be hard to make the sound on *Heavy With Puppy*, in comparison to your live sound, as condensed but still as loud as it is. I guess I was expecting *Heavy With Puppy* to sound more like something by Steel Pole Bath tub, whom with 3 members create a very large sound. With 9 members your guys should be able to triple that.

Karl: We do no overdubs, that's all live. We're just being honest. Sean: We're like Skynard, 38 Special, the Allman Brothers....We're bigger than Ned's Atomic Dustbin.

So what is the best thing that's happened to Superconductor? As far as your journeys have gone, has anybody of huge stature seen you guys and said, "Hey, these guys rock"?

Sean: Jello Biafra walked out of our gig and Mike Patton played pinball. Once on tour we were driving down the road in our vans and we were famished, starving to death, and we saw Ted Nugent standing in this field. So we stopped the vans, got out and I grabbed a mic stand. I tipped him, 'cuz he was sleeping, clubbed him to death, and then we stripped him and ate him. I made some nice underwear for myself with that lofnskin too. So is this interview more disturbing than our actual live performance?

Yeah, it totally is. Watching you guys live isn't as intimidating. Karl: Does it pulse with controlled intensity?

Seeing a Superconductor show, one word: throbbing. Sean: That's why we're on Boner. You get it...throbbing boner? The wacky wordplay is in my court today.



Disorder: Have you gotten any flack for chauvinist overtones as far as *Heavy With Puppy* goes? For example your song titles: "Ride The Big Penis," "Clamhammer," "Bushpilot" and band member names such as Thighmaster and Sweet Bitch? Karl: Have you ever listened to the words of the songs or do you just look at the song titles?

I can't hear the words of the songs. Mike: We have done our job. We'd like to point out at this time that your name is Scooter. We had song titles like "Ride the Big Scooter," "Scooterhammer," and "Scooterpilot" then someone came up to us and said, "What are all these overtones of motor vehicles that nobody would be caught dead riding?"

Keith: I don't believe there are any sexual overtones in our music. Mike: Thighmaster™ is that incredible product endorsed by the wonderful Suzanne Somers. Karl: What's a "Clamhammer" to you?

I don't know I've never been clamming, so I don't know if there is such a tool. Sean: Well, we pity you.

So feminists around the world have nothing to worry about? Karl: You're going to make us seem less dangerous. Mike: This is those Kreviss girls trying to stir up trouble.

Aren't the odds of having two bands of Superconductor proportions,

Did Superconductor start because people would look at it and go, "Hey, man, there's 9 guys in this band, can they really play music?" or is it just a novelty thing?

Sean: We didn't intend to play music. It started off as a negative thing; better to be sheerly awful than be a Vancouver band.

Mike: One of the original ideas was to open for the Scramblers and drive the audience away, so the idea of the band was just designed for that.

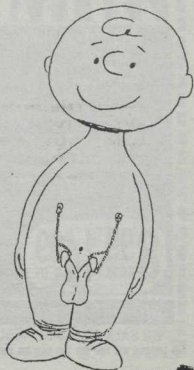
Pat: I remember seeing Meatloaf on *Saturday Night Live* about ten years ago and the last song he played on the show he had all these guitar players coming out. Pretty soon he had like 15 guitar players onstage.

Sean: Can I say something irrelevant? Karl: I once went to a guitar store and there were a whole bunch of guitars. I thought if you could take the atmosphere of a guitar store and put it on stage the room would be yours.

If a few members of Superconductor left would you still continue as Superconductor or would you just say, "We can't do this anymore because we don't have enough people"? Mike: I'm sure whoever was left would try to milk it forever.

Sean: I think the basis of what you're asking is if we have integrity? No. We're no Motley Crue.

Did you know that your 7" for "The



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Every year White Rock has its very own fair. On occasion a band or two are asked to join the festivities, ushering in the night and spilling joy over the masses who have gathered to the ferris wheel, the bumper cars, or the spray water at a silly target in hopes of winning a prize. Local White Rock band **Man** has accounted for their parents' good standing in the community, were asked to play several sets during the course of the evening. They were not alone however; there was another band set to share the bill and by all accounts they were super lame. (Probably just the kind of stuff a fair crowd would eat up.) Well, by the end of the evening, for better or for worse, the crowd would certainly remember **Man** because through them the spirit of dinosaur rock lived one more night.

In true Rock and Roll fashion **Man** took it upon themselves to dull their senses by drinking far too much of their favorite brand in hopes of getting through the weak band's set. One thing led to another—Rich

(Pound Cake) can't even remember the last set—and before you knew it Pound Cake was calling for dead puppies to be thrown on stage before the band would continue their set. Wasn't it Ozzy who once did that?

Anyway, this bit of twisted humor didn't wash too well with the fair goers; some were beginning to feel threatened, getting downright antsy they were. The end result is rather amusing because Pound Cake was forced to make an apology to Mike's (bass player/singer) parents who were in attendance that night, along with their daughter who was traumatized by the event for days afterward.

This is **Man**: Mike growls and plays bass, Hansarello beats the skins, and Pound Cake is the guitarist. As **Man** they have been to-

gether for 10 months but all three were previously in a little soft rock combo called Small Man Syndrome. SMS lacked the hard edge that **Man** has and as a result were nuked. Well not really, but the "other" member has since gone on to make gingerbread cookies in some far off land as a means of shaking his sordid past, housing prostitutes and the like.

As a band, **Man** is evolving right in front of our very eyes. The demo they recorded many moons ago sounds quite dated; the songs

are good but they are too polished for my liking. The **Man** I saw at the Cruel Elephant on the weekend of Music West was very impressive. They played remarkably well for gents so young and they showed a willingness to unleash a nasty streak smack dab in the middle of a number of their songs.

While conducting this interview with the lads at the Cambie Hotel, it was very amusing listening to Mike talk of a roadtrip from hell to Whistler that ended in fistfuffs and somewhat of a car chase. But alas this band is not only about good times. Rock and Roll is their game and they seem to be improving with each outing. I was fortunate enough to hear a few newer selections, one of which they just wrote the day before, and they were very tight.

Many of their songs are anchored by a nifty bass riff, compliments of Mike. With this to work with Pound Cake crawls all over the mix with some real inventive playing. Meanwhile Hansarello has one of those kick drums with an independent pedal and another that is hooked up to the high-hat, giving the songs a bottom end pounding. They incorporate more than the average number of changes in their songs and love to change the tempo every now and then just to keep you sharp: a sure fire hit in the mosh pit.

While the band has a tendency to be a bit on the heavy side of things they are not against venturing into the world of rap. Mike sang a little number to me while in the Cambie and he sounded quite enthusiastic about the possibilities of **Man** breaking it in the rap field. I was quick enough to catch it on tape:

"I like my horse I like to ride it now, when I don't ride the horse I like to ride a..."

"...BULL..." Rich adds compellingly. The potential here is endless.

Man play around town whenever they can. They complain, along with many other bands, that there is a lack of viable venues in Vancouver willing to showcase some of the younger bands. They recently played the What Gallery, a club that meets their approval, because first of all they get to play, and secondly, they get ample beer and money. One club keeps insisting that they bring in a demo even after having played there on numerous occasions. They will be playing up at Whistler soon and probably a gig or two at the trusty Cruel Elephant where they all enjoy playing.

I should mention that **Man** is forever indebted to Custer than Spunky (who have since broken up) for their gracious donation of 20 hours of studio time at Vancouver Studios, which seems to be growing as the days go by. From this time they are going to get a record together and if someone wants to put it out, lucky for them. If not, **Man** will do it themselves. They are hyped to succeed and can't wait to tour. Good luck guys!



MAN by Steve Wells

My body was 80% alcohol as my friend and I made our way down the dark alley to the lair of Flash Bastard. They were all expecting us and screamed with delight. "It's Disorder! They're here!" as we entered the murky warehouse. In the smoke filled jam room, I fumbled through my disorganized questions as the Bastards peeled the walls with a tune. The tape recorder eventually found a plug and we joyfully began to feel real.

Flash Bastard is: Reverend Donal Finn, lead vocal-cist; Gorilla Simmons, bass; Timmy Fixx, guitar; and the mighty Sledge Hamster.

Disorder: How did you get the name Flash Bastard? **Reverend:** I had this nasty habit when I was in elementary school of showing other people my penis. And in grade 3, one day at lunch, I was taking a piss right out in the open by the tire swings and my teacher came up to me and said, "You little BASTARD!" It was the first word I had ever heard spoken against me, and I was pretty offended; I cried in the principle's office. So bastard stuck with me forever. But, basically, what Flash Bastard means is that we're the Bastard Children of the Flash generation; the excrement of this media wasteland we call 20th century North America.

How has the Vancouver scene been treating you?

Rev: Rudely. But we wouldn't have it any other way. Maybe the Vancouver scene treats us badly, but it's because we did it first. We're not very nice to people when we play. But, actually, the Vancouver scene has treated us pretty well. I mean, we're here right?

Someone once described you as "comedy punk."

Rev: Where does this guy live?

Fixx: What is real punk?

Hammerjack: What is serious punk? **Rev:** I'm glad you said that. If you come see Flash Bastard play and I'm lying on the stage with blood all over my face, from taking faceplants into solid objects and we've got smiles on our faces while we're bleeding, I can see why people wouldn't take that seriously. But we're trying to make a point. It's more subliminal, and we hope that people will pick up on that.

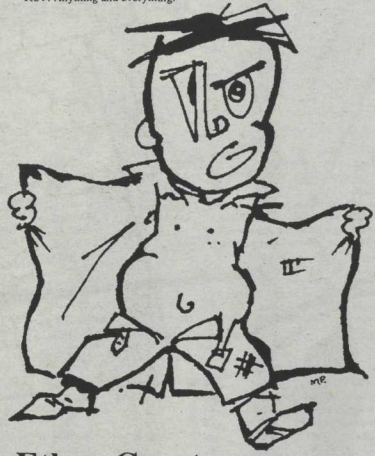
Rev: Is the story behind the song "Psycho Bitch from Hell?"

Rev: She's my ex-girlfriend and she was a junkie living in this total fantasy world. She let her delusions ruin my life too.

I was going out with her because I had just broken up with someone else. Like the first verse of the song goes "I gotta use you, abuse you, your pain takes mine away," which is basically why I was going out with her in the first place. An outlet. It was a shitty thing to do.

What kind of music do you guys listen to in your spare time?

Rev: Anything and everything.



by Ethan Coyote

FLASH BASTARD

Gorilla: From gothic choir to the Ramones.

Rev: We're a big classical music fans. We love classical, reggae, scone, and jazz. But as far as our favorite musicians go, I'm pretty sure we could all agree on the Stooges, Misfits, Kiss, and the Rolling Stones.

God gave rock 'n' roll to you.

Rev: We started our jamming in Sledge's basement just doing Kiss covers. "Lick it Up" was the first song we ever played cause it's only one note.

How many people know you are? **Have you played a lot?** **Rev:** People know who we are probably because of the blood, and the destruction.

Fixx: We're not only Flash Bastards at our gigs but when we leave the gig as well. That's the way it is whether people like us of hate us, they always remember us.

Yeah, why?

Rev: Our gigs are a lot of fun. I mean, you saw us right? Did you have fun?

Yeah, except when he hit me with a beer can.

Gorilla: I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

Do you play your own instruments?

Rev: Uhuh, we don't. We're the New Kids On The Block of punk.

Yeah, I heard you guys were lip-synching a lot, especially back in the 70's.

Rev: Uh, I don't know anything about that. Next question! (The band panics). Talk to our manager! We don't talk about things like that!

What are you guys doing to celebrate Canada's 125th birthday?

All: Spinal Tap!

Rev: Then we're going on tour to Seattle and San Francisco.

Any final words you want to say because, just think, you're reaching half the world. Disorder magazine, it's on every coffee table.

Rev: Yeah, put it this way: USSR broke up, right. The split in a major world power and the dissolution in other major world powers that none of us know about, and probably care about, is directly related to what we think we knew. But we have no idea what we do in the meantime. That's our real message to the world.

Phantom Surfers

WED MAY 6
ALCOHOL
FUNNY CAR
FROM VAN, B.C.
SMUGGLERS
SYBIL
Vogue
2010 14 AVE 2ND FLOOR

May 76 at the X-Ray Cafe, Portland, OR.
 "Dutch Boy Finger and Village Idiot" by
 Evil Weather and Speed Racer. Guitars
 by Yakuza. My favourite club in the Northwest!
 I know a sleeper hit, not too many kids
 nonetheless a party of rock. Thought
 Village Idiot sucked, Dutch Boy Finger okay.
 The dup' em. Second night totally amazing
 party. Tons of people: punks, mods,
 and nerds all fruggin' to the music.
 Mrs (the guy who runs the X-Ray) is
 a major! Stayed with the X-Ray! is
 on chick Jessica. Dave got food poi-
 soned at the all-you-can-eat out-
 let. Grapes

May 992-New Mac's Tavern, Eugene.
OR xRocks Remenges-Okay so the
waxn't one of our best days. As a conse-
quence of Dave's I had fish food folly (a
alteration) in the van. We find an eight
struck out in the snow. We find an eight
the show, so Marble Orchard split from
bill. What resulted was a remaining four
us playing to about 10 people and the open-
ing act was a reggae band Upt! Not the best
show, but it will carry. Bryce

May 22/92-Shantrel, Memphis, TN—
 Okay, so Memphis is the home of the Blues. It's
 big deal. If you have any Blues, just go to
 a shuttle bus across the street into the Forum
 and walk up to E's house. I say "to walk" be-
 cause I went there for a while and then I
 hung out there. Grant proceded to
 Sun Studios where Grant proceded to
 give his distribute of the Birthplace of
 and there." We were at the Sun Studio Cafe
 and then I lived with the Shangri-La, which
 actually is an accord store visited by a coun-
 try doctor, Sherman and Eric. When we
 part were playing outside the store
 part were we were a little shooie
 turned out to be a lot of fun! People
 to watch, passing motorists hooked
 ella was nipe enough to catch most
 on video! All in all, a real cool time
 by the Smugglers in Memphis, TN
 Bryan

June 8/92-First Ave., Minneapolis, MN.
w/Dillon Fence and the Flat Duo Jets—
Getting close to the end! Tonight I was really
fave bands, the Flat Duo Jets; First Ave. is a
huge club a mid-west version of the Com-
modore. This is a new line filmed *Purple*
Night! Playing this joint was like playing a
madhouse quite a contrast to D.C. or Fort
Smith. Even though 20-30,000 people were
there, it still felt chilly and cavern-like. It
was still up hill to see the Flat Duo Jets
rip it up at a *super* party. Some of it got
lost in this huge place but they still did it well!
After the show we exchanged merchandise,
kissed and took off. Dillon Fence (also from
North Carolina) were nothin' to write home
about, so I won't. *Grant*

June 1992 Sneaky I
The Leather Upper
taste of Canadian s
blessing it was, a
Monday night! The
newest wayout co
Voodoo and Redd
tor then plungin
after the cables
Bryce

May 14/92-Nightbrek, San Francisco
w/Carlos—After seeing the *Live on the
Edge* CD/DVD/Alice Doust show at the Rock
Club the night before, I went into this show
with the delusion of a good turnout. Wrong
again! About 30 people showed up tonight,
including members of Me-Twisted (who
have a new record, *Milk, Milk, Lemonade*, on
Lookout Records, get it now!), Henry, who
deserve the plug for their hospitality, Banks
(Jon). Carlos are a very young trio who play
sort of whacked tempo college stuff. Pretty
average show overall. *Brice*

May 11/92—The Keynote, Santa Cruz, CA. w/Phantom Surfers—Whoa! The Keynote is a way-cool joint in the surfer's paradise of Capitola, a suburb of Santa Cruz. Very 60's and tiny too! Phantom Surfers were incredible, one of the best instrumental combos in the world! Cool show, only 30 odd people, but it still rocked out. Stayed with a guy named Bobby Brady and got sunburned on the beach (under badly). *Greg*

May 17/92-Club Congress, Tuscon, AZ
The Sextants—Had no idea about this
g. We had never been to Tucson to we
didn't know what to expect. Long drive across
the hot 110° desert, Beez wanted to stop and
pick over a cactus. Tonight we played with a
stupid major label band called the Sex-
tons—bad, gritty, country-rockers. The Sex-
tons pretty wild show. To our total amaz-
e, their pants came to see us and they played
songs from the 10" (the wonders of in-
dependent distribution). Met guys from a
group called the Fells who have a
le of 7" out, look for 'em! Grant

a wild evening
of riot-rock
party-action

MON. MAY 11

at the
KEYNOTE

Santa Cruz
3764 Capitola

May 16/92: The Casbah, San Diego, CA.
 The Fumes and Rev. Horton heard the second night with the Rev. proved to be one of the best shows of the tour (in my opinion). The Casbah is about the size of my bedroom (no joke) and tonight the fire marshals would have had a field day. Among the can-of-stardom crowd on hand were shit-kickers OliveNation and local mopey-wopps. Hooks, "a rockin' out to the 'bow' sounds. The Fumes once again cracked out full throttle punk rock for a packed, enthusiastic house. They pulled off tunes like "Marsupialism," "Bustin'" and "Love Whip," "punging the multitudes like a regular Sunday sermon. Halloojah, a great night! Bryce

May 18/92-The Sun Club, Phoenix, AZ
The home of the Sundevils certainly cast
a curse on us this time. This show was so
I could waste a lot of good ink writing
it; but I won't. Bryce

MAY 31/02 Centre of the World, Fort Smith, AK, w/Love Jerk and Secularism: "Our Bumfuck, w/Pop show—Fort Smith, anywhere, baby! Luckily we have a Smugglers' (an)club member here (don't ask why) who set up one of the best shows in the tour. This was all-ages afternoon show in a converted warehouse. America is crazy—even though I was 100% outside, inside there were crows, wearing 'like crazy! But we toques...' WEI! All these punks were starved for any kind of counterculture. They all had tales of harassment and violence inflicted by the 'right'—these kids were ready to explode and they did. This was AfterSchool Special #2, #1 was Beat Happening a month earlier! *Grant*

GLERS
ICA 1992

June 29-2 Fountains Electriques, Montreal, Que.—This was another show where we didn't know what to expect, but it turned out great! 150 people on a Tuesday night show, stompin' and screamin' at us in French! The Gruesomes (what's left of them, Bobby and John) came as well as Gerardo, Deja Voodoo and Alex from Leaky. After the show a guy from Positive Records bought a slew of 10" and offered us a contract on his label! A buddy we met at YTV showed us around Montreal. Merci

May 27/92 J.C. Dobbs, Philadelphia, PA.
w/Gracel—I had a weird feeling about this
show and by the end of the day a maternal
instinct very low turnout, which was unfor-
tunate, but I think we're getting used to it.
Gracel were a trio of neo-cheesebiscuits in
frankies who have released a CD and, we found
out, are playing at CBGB in N.Y. with us
also. The club was in a neat part of town in
which we ended up staying until our trek to
—Bob Apple Bryce

May 26/92 Maxwell's, Hoboken, N.J. w/
The Mekons—We saw New York City to-
day! We played around the river in Sinatra's
birthplace, Hoboken. The place stunk like a
sewer and we had to load everything into the
cabs to combat that. Got to play with these
Mekons tonight. A sold out show, but still
few Mekons fans only. A hard sell but still
folky/punk Clatsop. Did an interview with
Cake magazine. Nick was very loaded on
Tequila Grass

June 5/92: Call The Office, London, ON
 The Mood and The Cellar Dwellers
 The Smugglers finally hit London to reunite
 with fanclub members/West Wave fanzine
 creators, Dave and Rima. The show was in
 class! What Wave presented and was partly
 childish song ("You Make Me Die" and
 The Cellar Dwellers' "Madness tune, superstars"
 thought was a Madhouse tune, later in
 garage circles. They did "Ooo Goo Muck"
 Nick and I saw guys getts beat outside a bar
 down the street. Grrr

June 3/92-The Caribbean, Kingston, ON.
w/The Sea Monsters-Kingston, Ontario,
home of *Cryptic Times* fanzine's head
honcho, Alan Wright, played host to a show
which, by far, had the most crowd participation
of the entire tour. If only every show was like
this! People were goin' absolutely nuts,
rockin' out to our West Coast noise! The Sea
Monsters were a white supremacist in minstrel
costume but were the old college guy for the
Peters' Debater. Thanks for the good time,
All Boys.

CEGB Cost \$4.95
 115 Broadway (at Avenue) NYC • (212) 360-4033
 WED MAY 27
 RISING SUN • THE SUNS
 FUNKY MACHETS BANANA
 SIGNS OF CHANGE
 MAKE OUTLINES • TOP DOG
 TRAVIS MAY 28 7:30pm (Seal)
 CATHERINES
 Big Hat • Snake Hips
 Screaming Visions
 Punk Cat ~~DOG~~ DRUGS
 Paint Or Venice • THE FREEZE
 FR. 11:30-12

Feel fuzzy?
A. SLEEPY HEAD. DRUGS IN THE
SUGARTIME
IAD FAIR

SEX POD - Gruel
TUGGERS - MAGNOUAS

NOVA NOB - CO
DRUMMING ON GLASS
FISH ENSEMBLE

WATERLILIES -
Bella Sky - DONATION
WEST - ALLAH - NINA

MONICA NELSON - Broken E
KATHLEEN MOON
Jelly Cholly - Lost C

MUSIC

CB'S

[illegible]

10



1990



100

May 31/92: Bugle's Albany, N.Y. w/1313
Mockingbird Lane and Bigger Thomas.
This was one of my faves: We got to play
in a cool garage band called 1313 Mock-
ingbird Lane (the Munters' address) and
play like a band called Bigger Thomas.
I own the place, Howard
is yet another fabulous member
of the insect folk we met on the trip.
The eldub left early. Waiting for us
was 5 spaced beers. Then more
was 500 am's, and even more
It's now 5:00 am! Free booze
The show is a complete blast!
For two days and hung over
thanks Howard! Great

May 18/92-The Poco Loco Lounge, Haven, Ct w/Chopper.—This is Yalcetown, good ol' Yale University. A scene when we got to the "club," a Mexican restaurant that advertised we were playing the night before! Never fear, a minor screwup. Lotta people came tonight and we had a rockin' time. Chopper were a cool, Kind-ix mod combo with attitude. Met folks from the garage band the Double Naught Spys and ate in the best diner in America, the Yankee Doodle Cafe. Fellow Canadians King Apparatus were playing across town. *Grant*

May 29/200 Mountain Lodge #6, Washington, D.C. — The Flipped Whigs — The nation's capital was a hotbed of Memorial Day activity as we cruised around the Memorial and Arlington Monuments, Lincoln Memorial and the White House. Mountain Lodge #6 is in a cool area of the city known as Georgetown (home to the Ivy League). The lodge itself has become a collection of the local neighborhood. The Flipped Whigs were the loudest club who should've stayed in the garage a bit longer. The 20+ people who enjoyed the fights and sounds of the Shmugs this night included a couple members of Nation of Ulysses and Bakini Kall. Not another night I guess. *Brave*

MAY SEX-POD & OMFUG, New York City, N.Y.: "Drumming On Glass, Sex Pod, Grud, The Magnolias and Sex Pod. Took the afternoon to visit Greenwich Village, Washington Square Park, Empire State Building, the Subway—the idea. Anyway, the big show got under way. Drumming On Glass 14:30 to 6:00 with them to form my opinion. Up next was a trio of funk/guitarists could have done and singing Mamas. Grud played The Throwing Muses. Philly The Magnolias better than in Rock. They were Minnesota, rocked solidly as a percent of fellow Minnesotans. A lot of fellow Minnappies here."

[illegible]

DISORDER

LOCAL MUSIC DIRECTORY

Well, here it is, folks...all 161 entries that were either mailed, faxed, or dropped off to us over the past three months. Our warmest thanks to all of you who took the time to contribute. Hopefully this directory will be helpful in establishing new contacts in what (initially) seems to be an exclusive and mystifying business. A few apologies: the fax number on the entry form was incorrect, which may have resulted in more than a few entries not making it to our offices. Sorry! The new (and correct) CiTR/Disorder fax number is (604) 822-9364. If you have any suggestions for possible future editions of the Directory, please call us or write c/o *Disorder* (address is in the masthead on p.3). Also we apologize in advance if there are any typos or incorrect addresses or phone numbers. Enough excuses...

BANDS / MUSICIANS

0#* & (A Cartoon Swear)
A glow-in-the-dark attitude with tense songwriting and a flair for the absurd.

244 Howard Ave., Burnaby, BC
V5B 3P5
(604) 299-2064 (Ken Gourley)

Agging Youth Gang
High-energy, fun punk with melodic and humor.

1018 Ouldm Dr., Vancouver, BC
V5M 3L6
(604) 254-2240 (Sandy Beach)

Animal Instinct

Original hard rock/studio and live/3-piece.
202-2330 McGill St., Vancouver, BC
V5L 1C6
(604) 254-6520 (Mr. Frank Russel/Dave Fisher/Rod Cobel)

Baron Von Fokker

Alternative metal/fusion, agnostic-atheist mime trio.
(604) 420-6520 (J. Brander)
(604) 437-3536 (H. Tam)

Big Daddy Meat Straw

Fearlessly flamboyant rock "alternative" cult theatre rock. Highly visual. Highly audio. Honest.
PO Box 1643 Portland, OR
97207 USA
(503) 235-0261 (Vinnie Las Vegas (Mgmt))

Big Oven

Direct from the basement of the garage, out of the frying pan and into the oven.
929 W.23rd Ave., Vancouver, BC
(604) 736-3590 (Andrew Laurensen)

Black Happy

PO Box 4824, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho 83814-1962 USA
(208) 765-2521 (David Bloom)

Blaise Pascal

Sharpen the metal blade.
669-810 West Broadway, Vancouver, BC V5Z 4C9
(604) 669-6468 (Robynn Iwata)
Fax: (604) 662-7841

20 DISORDER

Greg Buhr

Bass, vocals, songwriting, guitar.
Vancouver, BC
(604) 736-5363 (Greg Buhr)

BUM

Punk - no dots.
#102-535 Yates St., Victoria, BC
(604) 389-2828
c/o Funhouse Records

Bumpin' Uglier

Poppy, stinky, sloppy, groovy, punk...and stuff.
6713 20th Ave. NW Seattle, WA 98117 USA
(206) 784-2327 (Justin Busch)

Cardokia

The schleige of Cardokia worship the new god Cardox and play speed metal to boot!
(604) 669-6479 (Nick Waldron)

Chester's Funtime Orchestra

As lame as you like it.
#603-1483 Lamey's Mill Road, Vancouver, BC
(604) 732-3082 (MigTigri Music, Simon)

Chris Houston And His Evil Twang

Drunken psycho rock'n'roll with John Card, Brian Goble, Alex Varty. Also solo shows.
48 E. 6th Ave., Vancouver, BC
V5T 4P4
(604) 675-9927 (Chris Houston)

Coal

Ethereal western psychedelic lounge music noir (Zulu Records).
#204-857 Beatty St., Vancouver, BC
(604) 683-7965 (Nicole or Marcus)

club

Honey-pot pop.
837 W.18th Ave., Vancouver, BC
(604) 876-2132 (Lisa M.)

Dancing On Glass

Hard edged alternative.
308-5294-204th St., Langley, BC
V30 0S19 (Steve Gendron)

Daves, The

Fast, tight punk rock.
2117 3rd Ave. W., Seattle, WA 98119 USA
(206) 285-4804 (Bob, Shawn, Aaron)

Drag The River

Heavy rock with an edge.
2905 St. Kilda Ave., North Vancouver, BC V7N 2A8
(604) 980-9444 (Josh Pasnak)

Elephant's Child, The

Groovy ethereal (?) cheetah rock.
5250 Cheeham, Burnaby, BC
(604) 430-0069 (Dede Ratak)

Elvis Love Child

Bigmufsonicsjudgelovinhairfamin indicaplesinarazyshitgrungoidpunk motherfuckers.
Jumbaila Crib, Vancouver, BC
(604) 879-7702 (Kevin McBride)
Pgr. (604) 735-1714

Evaporators, The

Pure teenage zit rawk angst.
c/o Nardwuar Records P.O. Box 27021, 1395 Marine Dr., West Vancouver, BC V7T 2X8
(604) 254-0299 (Scott)

Evicted, The

Classic punk/hardcore...oh, I know punk rock is dead, actually it's grunge.
P.O. Box 123, Clinton, WA 98236 USA
(206) 259-2232 (Travis Herbert)

Facepuller

Hyperdelic industrial noisecore.
1552 Kilmer Road, North Vancouver, BC V7K 1R4
(604) 986-7663 (Brent)
(604) 936-6332 (Brad)

Falcons, The

Original instrumental guitar band.
35-2137 West 1st. Ave., Vancouver, BC V6K 1E7
732-0473 (Mike Beddoes)
Fax: 736-6472

Fatal Hatred

Original porcine death metal, extremely heavy.

6857-188th St., Surrey, BC
V5S 5M1
(604) 574-4263 (Mr. J. Biyak)

Five Against One

If only G.G.Allin could cry and touch a kitten.
3779 Beatrice St., Vancouver, BC
(604) 875-0924 (Natalie Baldo)

Flywheel

4 guys, full of instruments oozing music so far.
101-1075 Nelson St., Vancouver, BC
(604) 669-1196 (Scott Radridge)

Funkyard

Heavy duty funkaphonic, lickadelic, metal, boogie.
5669 Tyne St., Vancouver, BC
(604) 433-5036 (Funkyard)

G.I. Blues

Rockabilly extraordinaire.
830 Gore Ave., Vancouver, BC
(604) 669-3394 (Ian Ties)

Tom Glennie

Like jazz ska soul noise swing hardcore?
Tour van
(604) 737-7669 (Tom Glennie)

Goblins, The

We know 6 songs.
c/o Mint Records #699-810 West Broadway, Vancouver, BC V5Z 4C9
(604) 254-0299 (Scott)

Go Guy

Guitar, guitar, drum, bass guitar. We use these. Some people don't like that.
#101-1075 Nelson St., Vancouver, BC
(604) 669-1196 (Cris Bartsch/Brad Quinn)

Grandma Moses

Ramones, Hanoi, Stones kinda thing. A band Disorder will really hate.
Dunsen House, 5th cot from door, Vancouver, BC
540-0306 (Todd)
685-6017 (Sandy)

Heattmiser

Rocket calls them: Hardcore

death rock. They say music to die by/Joy Division/Big Black, Vancouver, BC
(604) 254-0030 (Jeff Ellis)
(604) 274-6490 (Les Pilchak, pgr. 623-4907)

I, Brain eater

Vancouver's best-known performance artist with his legendary punk rock band.
(604) 664-9338 (Laurie Mercer)

Idiot Savant

Five guys who play happy, bitter, fast, slow, important, stupid original music!
252 West 18th Ave., Vancouver, BC
(604) 876-8412 (Ken Paquette)

In The Flesh

Original 3-piece metal band - roots in punk/hardcore & early metal.
PO Box 783-810 W. Broadway, Vancouver, BC V5Z 4C9
(604) 733-4379 (Scott)

In-Grown-Toenail Surprise

A bunch of people who pretend to be able to play.
2095 Rhyn Place, North Vancouver, BC V7P 3H8
(604) 984-8020 (Jonathan)

Indecivics, The

Punky, polka, tune-o-rama pop.
160 31st St., West Vancouver, BC
(604) 922-6115 (Zaf)

Industrial Strength

Slayer meets Skinny Puppy and Beethoven in a meat processor; industrial trash metal with power.
4195 Doncaster Way, Vancouver, BC V6S 1W1
(604) 228-9606

Itch

Mozart meets NoMeansNo. Good music to wake up to.
c/o Network Productions 1250 W.6th Ave., Vancouver, BC V6H 1A5
(604) 654-2929 (anyone at Network)
Fax: (604) 654-1993

Jazberry Ram

Typically collegiate, yet masculine. Amalgam of elements of jazz & hip-hop in mostly rawkin' toons.
1923 E.5th Ave., Vancouver, BC
(604) 251-1548

Juice Monkeys

Stinky, steamy, sweaty, jumpin', dumpin'.
102-998 Thurlow St., Vancouver, BC
(604) 681-0283 (Sean Stubbs)

Karnivorous Raunch Fox

Punk hate fun offensive waste party dirty rude not hippies or rap.
1928 E. 11th Ave., Vancouver, BC
(604) 876-6622 (Noel Asshole)

Kill Switch...Klick

Gothic industrial hip hop.
539 Queen Anne Ave. N. Seattle, WA 98109 USA
(206) 343-3187 (Industria Music)

Lava Hay

Delicately crafted pop that can make a dull day bright.
c/o Network Productions 1250 W. 6th Ave., Vancouver, BC
V6H 1A5
(604) 654-2929 (anyone at Network)
Fax: (604) 654-1993

Leaders Of The Old School

Real Tim Dog, Clinton-esque 1970's funk.
c/o The Moir Show @ CiTR
(604) 822-3017 (Adam "Bootsy" Sloan)

List of Mrs. Arson

Based on the theory that rock is for workers who need to hold phallic symbols.
Box 398-1027 Davie St., Vancouver, BC V6E 4L2
(604) 533-3326 (Patrick Sampler)
Fax: (604) 693-9453

Peder Long

Originator of "vrodkon" jazz composition. Director of jazz venue in Nanaimo: "Kolo Pacific Paradise"

413 Million St., Nanaimo, BC
V5R 2K9
(604) 753-3284 (Peder Long)

Love Bugs, The
Wacky, wiggly, warped 60's
garage/disco cover band - 3
years gigging experience.
5172 Victory St., Burnaby, BC
V5J 1S6
439-9465 (Derek Miller)
433-6881 (Sebastian De
Castell)

Luggage Boy
"Where the men are men, and
the sheep are scared!"
PO Box 472, Sumner, WA
98390 USA
(James Johnston)

Man
Hard rock.
13633 15th Ave., White Rock,
BC
(604) 536-5693 (Minkie
Sanche)

Many, The
Dinosaur Jr., Fugazi, Smashing
Pumpkins, Nomeansno, Big
Country, Rush, Jesus Lizard,
Afghan Whigs.
1547 Cornish St., Vancouver,
BC V6G 1P5
(604) 689-0784 (Andre
McGillivray)
(604) 687-6691 (Wes
Molyneux)

Sarah McLachlan
Soothing, sensual and rhythmic
music for the dreamer.
c/o Nettwerk Productions 1250
W. 6th Ave., Vancouver, BC V6H
1A6
(604) 654-2929 (anyone at
Nettwerk)
Fax: (604) 654-1993

Mendenhall
Psychedelic glam'n'slam
acoustic-art rock. Peace
through music.
2208 E. 26th St., Vancouver,
WA 98661 USA
(206) 694-5233 (John
Mendenhall)

Mighty Cumsots, The
Teenagers who play pretty loud
obnoxious music, but we do get
8/8s.
2380 MacKay Ave., North
Vancouver, BC
(604) 980-1979 (Ryan
Sabourin)

Minimalist Jug Band
A washed up guy on a wash tub
bass (the alderman of
rock'n'roll).
#101-1371 W. 13th Ave.,
Vancouver, BC V6H 1N7
(604) 732-9671 (Al Mader)

Moist
Postpunkadelic grunge and
roll...urban soul
3824 W. 14th Ave., Vancouver,
BC
(604) 222-1997 (Jeff Pearce)

Mothertrucker
Nonstop rhythm machine.
3012 Alberta St., Vancouver,
BC

Motherwell
Sounds good on yer papa's 8-
track, really fuckin' loud!
#205-1872 Nelson St.,
Vancouver, BC
(604) 688-6827 (J. Sagi)

Movieband
Wide-screen rock guitar noise
over a mid-seventies Motor City
groove.
1491 Devonshire Cres.,
Vancouver, BC V6H 2G5
(604) 736-6491 (Alan Boyd)

Mutant Starfish
Mutilated metal-punk ball of
abnormality with soul-bashing
precision.
(604) 254-0207 (Max the Axe)
(604) 291-4455 (The Cursed
Gerald)

Mystery Machine
Four pot-smoking hippies
drinking that crazy Fraser Valley
water.
46505 Thornton Road, Sardis,
BC
(604) 858-5426 (Luke, Shane,
Jordan, Bean)
Fax: (604) 858-9809

Nemesis Gypsy
Original hard rock band.
(604) 680-9112 (Ron Chamber-
lain)

Ninth Hour
Hardcore/punk/grind/
etc., etc...
2830 Corgaveale Pl., Nanaimo,
BC V9T 3E3
(604) 756-4228 (Stefan
Nevatie)

Omnibol
We are a pop/funk band with
some Sabbath influences (2 1/
2 years old).
4448 W. 15th Ave., Vancouver,
BC V6R 3B2
(604) 736-2377 (Saki)
(604) 731-3502 (Jason)

Outrageous Valentinos, The
Flamboyant, tongue-in-cheek
N.Y. Dolls-style rock'n'roll,
fronted by ex-N.Y. Sissy Boy
Marc Manhattan.
Box 35315 Postal Station "E",
Vancouver, BC, V6M 4G5

Chris Pariah
Bassist, guitarist, analog
synthesist; primarily involved
with audio art and incorporating
experimentation into rhythmic
pop.
356 E. 6th Ave., Vancouver, BC
(604) 872-1177 (Chris
Spencer-Lowe)

Alan Park
I use surgery, not self-control.
Let's make new, big music.
Big, loud, great.
#8 975 W. 10th Ave., Vancouver,
BC V5Z 1L9
(604) 738-1141 (Alan Park)

Paste
Kosher approved punk rock with
bad dress sense and a
fetish for vomit.
2017 Hamilton St., Vancouver,
BC V3M 2P5
(604) 520-7615 (Little Tommy
Cumbag)

Peanut Gallery
1992-style pop-punk by four
persons with cool names.
1928 E. 12th Ave., Vancouver,
BC V5N 122
(604) 876-6622 (Jen or
Gandy)

Perfume Tree
c/o Zulu Records 1869 W. 4th
Ave., Vancouver, BC

(604) 738-3232 Kevin Smith
(Zulu)

Pillbox
Tenacious.
#757-1515 W. 2nd Ave.,
Vancouver, BC V6J 5C5
(604) 263-2333 (Colin)

Piss Queen
Pier yell ass shit! Fuckers?
3814 Beatrice St., Vancouver,
BC V5N 4V5
(604) 874-3363 (Garry)

Platypusies
Big loud junk music.
#301-853 E. 7th, Vancouver,
BC
(604) 879-9364 (Hoey, Nick, or
Kevan)

Potato Head
Most men fall in love with
women - but some men fall in
love with themselves.
(604) 669-2974 (Scooter)
(604) 739-1024 (Derrick)

Prayers For The Raven
Dark and seething music with
driving rhythms and thoughtfully
crafted lyrics
3900 S. 154th C-5 Tukwila, WA
98188 USA
(206) 298-3674 (Daniel/Brian)

Psychotic Jannation
Loud, booty-shaking grooves.
752 Kingfisher Place Delta, BC
(604) 943-7287 (Jason
Kennedy)

**Rick Colbourne & Hard
Poetry**
A pice band. Alternative
acoustic (acoustic alternative?)
#209-1306 Cardero St.,
Vancouver, BC V6G 2J1
(604) 688-5506 (Rick
Colbourne)

Roger Nusic & Gail
Love rock superhero parading
around town with young and
impressionable rhythm
section...holier than Prince.
P.O. Box 1661 Tsulitun, OR
97062 USA
(503) 235-2511 (Eric Larson)

Roots Roundup
Folk funk roots rock reggae ska
thrash!
Box 111, 810 W. Broadway,
Vancouver, BC V5Z 3C9
(604) 255-8871 (Greg
Hathaway)

Glenn Scott
Multi-media artist, 5 tape
releases, 2 solo art shows, ex-
Mo-Da-Mu.
339 Railway St., Vancouver, BC
V6A 1A6
(604) 688-0459 (Glenn Scott)

Screech
Stooge-influenced grunge
dirges à la Nick Cave.
(604) 681-0654 (Billy)

Paul Serret
Santoor (9th century Persian
instrument) composer,
recording artist, performer.
1928 E. 12th Ave., Vancouver,
PO Box 15347 Vancouver, BC
V6H 5B1
(604) 251-1479 (Paul Serret)

Shine
Alternative rock/pop, independ-
ent rock/pop.
C-33 3545 W. 43rd., Vancouver,

BC V5R 5X5
(604) 436-1171 (Jeff Pawson)
Fax: (604) 224-3295

Sicko
Power pop/punk that grew from
too much scmidt and carbon
monoxide.
#444 1210 15th Ave. E.,
Seattle, WA 98112 USA
(206) 726-1994 (Carl Carlson)

Sinners Squad
A holistic, ball-shrivelling
joyride, careening down an
alternative, hard-edged dirt road.
#401-2045 Barclay St.,
Vancouver, BC
(604) 683-0243 (James
Phillips)

Sister Lovers
Local heart band.
#603-1483 Lamey's Mill Road,
Vancouver, BC
(604) 732-3082 (Simon
Hussey)

Smiling Man
Paul McCartney brings Jim
Morrison, John Bonham and
Jimi Hendrix back to play with
Fugazi.
Portland, OR USA
(503) 289-1340 (Matt Harris)

Smugglers, The
Bossy surf punk rock and roll.
2874 Bellevue Ave., West
Vancouver, BC V7T 2X8
(604) 926-9444 (Grant
Lawrence)
(604) 926-9464

Sparkmarker
...Did you get the name of that
truck?
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Vancouver, BC V6C 2P7
(604) 291-9434...answering
machine (Rob)

Subculture
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WA 98117 USA
(206) 782-8696

Superconductor
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(604) 687-0488 (Keith Parry)
Fax: (604) 687-0488

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bass and drums comin' at ya!
15618 Victoria Ave., White
Rock, BC V4B 1J1
(604) 538-7203 (Ralph
Johnston)

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#108-2012 Cornwall Ave.,
Vancouver, BC V6J 1E1
(604) 736-2184 (Ed Boquet)

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(604) 339-1586 (Colin)
(604) 463-5586 (Rob)

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Alternative pop rich with rhythm

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V4C 4M5
(604) 590-8512 (Dave)

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BC
(604) 855-0929 (Dom Ieraci/
Kelly Burnham)

Tina Chupp
Insert tab labeled "A" into slot
labeled "B" and...pres-to!
1305 Ward St., Seattle, WA
98109 USA
(206) 625-0280 (Pete Spotts)

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Hard Black Flag-influenced rock
with a fashionable dash of
funk, and a lot of Great White
North lyrical references.
(604) 739-7078 (The
Bossy Army)

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Jazz.
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BC V6B 2N4
(604) 687-0488 (Keith Parry)
Fax: (604) 687-0488

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infections.
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Vancouver, BC V5L 2T1
(604) 687-4938 (Terry Procter)

Ugly Truth
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jazz blues influences and
flattery will get us nowhere.
1706 Lakeway, Bellingham, WA
98226 USA
(206) 676-8936 (Dave Weldon)
(206) 671-9173 (Sasha Karn)

Uncle Squirrelly
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119 N. Samish Way, Vancouver,
BC V8 9Z25
(206) 647-1327 (Sean)

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Songs about genitalia.
(604) 254-7839 (Garrett Farroll)

Vibe Tribe
Punk jazz, David Byrne meets
Syd Barrett in a basement in
Russia singing folk songs.
1114 E. State St., Olympia, WA
98506 USA
(604) 754-9366 (Kurt
Brunnenkant)

Williard
The sound of fuck.
P.O. Box 2247 Seattle, WA
98111 USA
(206) 938-0575 (Swill Club)
(212) 219-0077 (Rock Racer
Records)

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Manager)
Fax: (604) 654-1993

Woo Woos
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1347 Ridgewood Drive, North
Vancouver, BC
(604) 987-8788 (Lachlan
"Lochhhh" Mowatt)

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Harmonic, bawdy and melodious
with a sponge-like action/
reaction.
#310-1516 Charles St.,
Vancouver, BC V5L 2T1
(604) 253-6154 (R.A.)



RECORD LABELS / DISTRIBUTORS

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West Coast regional office:
Cargo Reikids, KyCam,
Intersound, promotion/publicity
agency.
#214-402 W. Pender St.,
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(604) 683-3539 (Barry Payne/
Dave Fortune/Ken Beattie)
Fax: (604) 683-3631

Club Grotesque
A mail order that sells records
by local bands. A hardy-ary
profit organization.
#204-1634 6th Ave.,
Vancouver, BC
(604) 253-3487 (John
Schreurs)
(604) 255-2491 (Andy
Gronberg)

Final Notice Records
Soundtracks to the revolution,
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scope.
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(604) 525-3570...answering
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Vancouver, BC V5Z 4C9
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Bill Baker)
Fax: (604) 684-6282

Netwerk Productions
Small local independent label
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BC V6H 1A5
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McBride/Ric Artor/Mark
Jowle)

Fax: (604) 654-1993

8-B South Records
Independent record label, all styles considered.
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Scratch Records

Manufacturer of whatever thrust the public needs but probably doesn't deserve.
317A Cambie St., Vancouver, BC V6B 2N4
(604) 687-0488 (Keith Parry)
Fax: (604) 687-0488

Temple North Records

Maker of rock.
1552 Kilmer Road, North Vancouver, BC V7K 1R4
(604) 986-7663 (Brent)

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Putting out the latest 7-inch slabs of waxedelica.
160 31st St., West Vancouver, BC
(604) 922-6115 (Zaf)

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(604) 389-2828 (Rick Andrews)

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Indie label.
1869 W. 4th Ave., Vancouver, BC V6J 1M4
(604) 738-3232 (Kevin Smith)
Fax: (604) 662-7841

MANAGEMENT

Altered Image Management
Artist/Business representative to Dose Pump, Alternative/Industrial bands only.
#203-68 Water St., Vancouver, BC
(604) 682-1588 (Barbara-Lynn Pollard)
Fax: (604) 685-5844

Josh Pasnak
2905 St. Kilda Ave., North Vancouver, BC V7N 2A8
(604) 980-9444 (Josh Pasnak)

Laurie Mercer Co.
Artist management.
#203-1104 Hornby St., Vancouver, BC
(604) 684-9338 (Laurie, Giovanna, or Jeff)
Fax: (604) 684-9337

Necrotivita Entertainment

Works with anyone willing to work (hard!)
1622 E. 1st Ave., Vancouver, BC V5N 1A7
(604) 254-5666 (Steve Smith, J. England, Sheri Warm)
Fax: (604) 254-5696

Network Management

Management and tour coordination: Sarah McLachlan, Grapes, Windwalker, Lava Hay, Childman, Consolidated, MC 900
1250 West 6th Avenue, Vancouver, BC V6H 1A5
(604) 654-2929 (Lane Dunlop)
Fax: (604) 654-1993

Teamworks Production & Management

Booking agency of independent, alternative acts.
2nd. floor, 867 Hamilton St., Vancouver, BC V6B 2R7
(604) 683-6535 (Leah Barker, Denise Jackson)
Fax: (604) 688-7155

PROMOTERS

Coastal Jazz & Blues Society
Developing the jazz, blues and world music scene locally, nationally and internationally. Produce Jazz Festival.
435 W. Hastings, Vancouver, BC V6B 1L4
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Fax: (604) 682-0704

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(604) 879-6875 (Paul, Jamie,

Jay)
Fax: (604) 688-6860

Lungbutter Productions
Small-time honest booker of quality music. Sorry about Pegboy and the Monomen.
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Fax: (604) 687-0488

MCA Concerts Canada

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Fax: 683-4298

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Concert promoters, all venues, all sizes.
2241 Oak St., Vancouver, BC V6H 3W6
(604) 731-4621 (Ian Noble)
(604) 731-1318

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(604) 822-3134

Teamworks Production & Management

Booking agency of independent, alternative acts.
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(604) 683-6535 (Leah Barker, Denise Jackson)
Fax: (604) 688-7155

Timbre Productions Co., Ltd.

Concert promoter.
3725 West 11th Ave., Vancouver, BC V6R 2K7
(604) 228-1211 (Peter McCulloch/Keith Buckingham)
Fax: (604) 228-1216

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Politically active publication and producer of all-ages events.
1441 East 2nd Ave., Vancouver, BC V5N 1C6
(604) 255-2787 (Irwin Oostindie)

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Scratch Records
Underground music shop specializing in finer indie rock. Major labels relatively unwelcome.
317A Cambie St., Vancouver, BC V6B 2N7
(604) 687-0488 (Keith Parry)
Fax: (604) 687-0488

Wicked Music

Harcro, noise, punk, ska, grind, and fuck yeah: vinyl too!
313 Pine St., Mount Vernon, WA 98273 USA
(206) 336-0186 (Ralph)

Zulu Records

Record store.
1869 W. 4th Ave., Vancouver, BC V6J 1M4
(604) 738-3232 (Grant McDonagh)

RECORDING STUDIOS

Atlantis Recording Studios
2" 24-track, 68-input console, huge live room, full MIDI.
(604) 525-7830
Fax: (604) 525-7830

Dysentry Recordings

Makings of punk or raunchy rock demos 8-track "let's party."
3814 Beatrice St., Vancouver, BC V5N 4H5
(604) 874-3363 (Garry)

Fiasco Bros. Studios

Multi-track recording studio, 32-tracks synchronized or 2" 24-track, rates include engineer, open 24 hrs.

814 20th St., West Westminster, BC V3M 4W6
(604) 525-3964 (Len Osanic)
Fax: (604) 525-3964

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(604) 734-1217 (Linda Rosenberg)

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(604) 875-6821 (Brian; home 875-1289)

Vancouver Studios

Music recording - 24-48 track multi-room recording and audio post studio.
3955 Gravelly St., Burnaby, BC V5C 3T4
(604) 291-0978 (Ray Gagliardi)
Fax: (604) 291-6909

MISCELLANEOUS MUSIC-RELATED SERVICES

•Graphic Design
Ralph Alfonso
Designer: CD, cassettes, posters, etc. (extensive portfolio)
c/o Network Productions, 1250 W. 6th Ave., Vancouver, BC V6H 1A5
654-1993 (Ralph Alfonso)
Fax: 654-2929

•Graphic Design
the machine
Graphic design and image generation. Covers, logos, posters, and other promotional material.
#103 2070 Cornwall, Vancouver, BC V6J 1E1
(604) 734-7966

•Stage Design/Graphics
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Custom designed props, stagecraft, logos and novelty signs.
#3 11435 132a St., Surrey, BC V3R 7S2
(604) 580-3839 (Michael Rudyk/ Ted Denessen)

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The Immaculate Consumption
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(604) 254-0030 (Jeff Ellis)

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Ming Tiampo
Dark, sensual and divine - a postmodern view of the world. Available for publicity shots/portfolios.
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Fax: (604) 263-8839

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V6B 5B1
(604) 255-4575 (Don Xaliman)

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SOCAN
Performing rights society.
1201 W. Pender St., 4th floor,
Vancouver, BC V6E 2V2
(604) 669-5569 (Don Osborn)
Fax: (604) 688-1142

•Stage & Lighting
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Technicians for today's
industries. Full production,
sound, light, stage techs, and
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V6B 2N7
684-4470 (24 hrs.) (Bruce
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•Stage & Lighting
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Freelance Stage Technician
(production, lighting, stage and
crews)
(604) 680-9112 (Ron Chamber-
lain)

•Producer/Engineer

Renaissance Production
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tion.
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Vancouver, BC V5Z 4C9
(604) 879-7883

•Booking Agency
The Country Rockin'
Entertainment Agency
"A & B" country bar circuit: BC,
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Manitoba.
#303-69 Water St., Vancouver,
BC V6B 1P4
(604) 688-9499 (Sean Mara)
Fax: (604) 682-8589

•Venue
Yale Hotel
Rhythm and blues.
1300 Granville St., Vancouver,
BC
(604) 681-9253 (Jim Tortyna)

•Miscellaneous Music
Business
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scheme our devious minds can
think of.
632 Porter St., Coquitlam, BC
(604) 939-1586 (Colin Bates)



the cruel elephant

the only alternative nightclub

hail to the largest country in the world, it's time to show your
pride in this fine land we call home as well as home grown
talent like on wed July 1 **CANADA DAY!** three alt country bands
bands in an old canadian's bar, **THE PASTIES** w/ bet you can't outstate these guys, calgary's **SKIN BARN** w/
punk rock sensations **FINE GRIND** you want rock? dig this: on
thurs July 2 from san fran this is **OUR DAUGHTER** w/ bmg
recording artists **DEAD SURF KISS** w/ **THE MANY** break out on
fri July 3 **SECOND NATURE** w/ **OMNIBAL** w/ **THE DROP**
DOLLS sat July 4 these cats out-violent femmes the violent
femmes: **CHICKASAW MUDD PUPPIES** plus guests! tues July 7
CHEAP DISCO 70's **ORAMA** \$1 **COVER TO KEEP OUT THE NON**
BELIEVERS... this is the week of the NCRC as you must be well
aware, this is to showcase some of the best local and interna-
tional bands that are of interest to college and community
radio stations across the country. Representatives from all over
canada will be in attendance to see the coolest of the
cool, which are as follows. wed 8 empty recording artists
JIPGUN w/ vancover's w/ sub pop recording artists **MECCA**
NORMAL w/ victoria's **PIGMENT VEHICLE** w/ rob wright
(nornmeansn) in a rare solo performance as **MR. WRONG** w/
CUB thurs 9 seattle's c/z records presents **7 YEAR BITCH** w/
victoria's **MEXICAN POWER AUTHORITY** w/ also from victoria
the **VINAGRETTES** (waitresses from hell) w/ seattle's **STEEL**
WOOL fri 10 van's finest: **JACK FEELS FINE** w/ **80/81** **A CAR-**
TOON SWEAR w/ **BLAISE PASCAL** sat 11 network recording
artists from chilliwack **MYSTERY MACHINE** w/ way out records
from victoria presents **BUM** w/ out on sub pop comes **KREISS**
w/ temple north recording noise machine **FACEPULLER**, now's
that for **ROCK AGAINST STUPIDITY?** tues 14 **CRUEL 70'S DISCO-**
RAMA \$1 **STILL CHEAP!**... and now for some kickin' rock stuff:
wed 15 steel pole bath tub's favourite band! **ATOMIC** \$1 w/
DANCING ON GLASS thurs 16 a couple local faves: **RHYMES**
WITH ORANGE w/ **REVOLUTION GONE** fri 17 oh man, i think im
gonna pop a chubby, he does love the cruel elephant, dig
man, dig deep... from sub pop, once again it's the incredible
fucking **TAD** w/ the return of the only **FITZ OF DEPRESSION** w/
calgary's **BIG GULP** sat 18 if g g allin couldn't keep out of jail
for long enough to play, maybe his alter-ego will... women are
always more reliable anyhow, so don't miss **USA SHOCK**
and scratch recording artist from france **COSTES** in the "little
bo peep show w/ boner recording artists **SUPERCONDUCTOR**
w/ scratch recording artists **HUMP** tues 21 **CRUEL DISCO** \$1
SUPER CHEAP 70's **STYLE** wed 22 hey look! a rock'n'roll show:
from edmonton in a CD release show **THE SMALLS** w/ winnipeg's
own **RED FISHER** w/ ex-sfnu in **COWBOY DICK** thurs 23 take off
your shoes and cut a rug in a dance drum party with **NGOMA**
fri 24 feel that hippie groove thng **MUSHROOM TRAIL** w/
seattle's **GREEN APPLE QUICK STEP** w/ **WICKED SWIMMING**
DOG sat 25 how long has it been since one of the finest bands
on the planet played this groovin' town?.. it'll be the first
vancover show in four years... glitter house/sub pop record-
ing superstars **FLUID** w/ supersadomasochisticexplicatious-
Restless recording artists **ELVIS HITLER** tues 28 **DISCO TILL YA**
CANT BOOGIE NO MORE \$1 **STILL CHEAP** wed 29 ok, ok... here
it is: vintage punk rock w/ **TV TITS** w/ vancover's **MAN** w/
CARNIVOROUS RAUNCH fri 31 come on and have fun at
a dancing extravaganza! **ATLANTIS BUS**

alas the end of the month and the summer is in full swing so
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INTERVIEW WITH AN OGRE BY JUNE SCUDELEFF

Stange but true facts: Skinny Puppy was actually, at one time, a Sub Pop band and Ogre is going to be a porno star... kinda. The Skinny Puppy frontman has recently stopped doing drugs and moved to L.A., so this interview was conducted in his Vancouver hotel room while he was in town to edit the video that accompanies the live Puppy show.

The room was strewn with contracts, resin painting kits and models for the upcoming tour. Ogre chain smoked throughout our talk, but it lessened somewhat as we became comfortable with each other. There, for, instead of the usual onslaught of information that "Mekanical Objekt Noise" is, I bring to you an interview with one of the men who helped pioneer the industrial scene, and is still at the forefront of that same scene: Ogre!

So what effect has Pigface had on you and your singing style?
My singing's improved. That comes from doing gigs with other bands and singing different material. Pigface is a great playground to explore different types of singing. If it's the same as working with Ministry but a lot more fun [laughs]. You tend to retain things better. It's been a good thing. Pigface was there to help me during an hour of need. What's developed out of that is a band called Welt.

Who's in Welt?
John Biedt, he's done all the electronics for Murder Inc. and Killing Joke, myself and Raven. We're keeping it as a main core of three people, although Bill Reiffin's done some drumming on it, so it's turning into a serious kind of project. It's not a supergroup, we don't want to come across that way because the music has got its own sound. It's not really trying to fracture itself and become all these different things. I think everyone's taking a more serious approach to what it's going to be, and there's a lot of interest in it too, so...

What's happening with Pigface?
We just finished a record—I participated in two tracks. It's being mixed up in Minnesota, it's sounds really good. It's quite different again, it's far more tribal. It goes all over the place, it crosses all boundaries, but there's some serious music on it. The riff from Silverfish was in singing on it, he's got a great fuckin' voice. Anyway, En Esch was there, so it sounds quite different than the other records, but it's still Pigface for sure. I'll be hearing it when I go to Chicago.

We talked about Chicago [it was there in February '91] and the upcoming tour with its theme of "paranoia and self-persecution," which Ogre agreed was healthy for him to do right now. Talk turns to the "Killing Game" videos:

It turned out well. It uses elements of the live show along with imagery, it's quite textured and quite violent. We also used a dance troupe. You have to see it, it's all high contrast, it's not people dancing around. There's elements of that, we got a student theatrical group to come out and do the pieces with us; they're acting as demons for us.

Discussion ensues about some Puppy

videos not being played on MuchMusic because of their imagery, especially "Stairs and Flowers":
People are caught up on labels.

People are fed stuff by media and they can think for themselves. They see something... or they hear something and that becomes truth, which is pretty scary. People cannot understand satire, dark comedy, or even dark images without applying it to something that's not acceptable or not allowed. They'd rather make it into something it's not in order for it not to be seen and they'll appeal to people's basic instinct of misogyny and all these things—storing animals, satanism, and all these labels. That's their only way of reacting to something they don't really understand.

Intention to the horror anthology Splatterpunk to him as Skinny Puppy is mentioned in the spoof of Bret Easton Ellis entitled, "Less Than Zombie," in the aforementioned book:
We've been around for ten years, so I guess some of the kids have grown up and have been influenced by the imagery. That's good because it's coming across in a literary fashion. I don't think it denounces the music so much as it gives a background to the story, which is all we've ever done.

We don't live in a horrific world, yet we paint horrific pictures with our minds. That should be perfectly acceptable and not censored by anyone. I guess that's the fight we're up against right now. I've got some possible film roles coming up, too, such as a lead role in a virtual reality vampire film done by the same people who did the new Dr. Giggliotti and Cafe Flech, across that way because the music has got its own sound. It's not really trying to fracture itself and become all these different things. I think everyone's taking a more serious approach to what it's going to be, and there's a lot of interest in it too, so...

Didn't you take theatre in school?
Oh, no, but I've taken mask courses. I took a course with a theatrical group that was preparing for its fall production. I was kind of pushed into it by a friend of mine, Mira Davies. She told about this mask making course and I went out there thinking I was to learn how to make masks. I walked into this full-on programme for working with masks. I didn't make it through the course 'cause it was too strenuous for me, but it was a good experience all the same.

You look really good.
Oh, thanks, it's been six and a half months [being drug-free]. It's all back now, most of it's back, a lot of it disappeared for a while. When I saw you before in Tacoma I went down to see Pigface in October, I was still a shell. Basically, there was this person inside trying to crawl out and say "hey, this is what I'm really like." I was way back here and kind of like trying to push forward. I quit [drugs] the day I started that tour.

How did you manage?
I thought I had withdrawal, but I actually had hepatitis. I was four weeks into the tour in Sweden and I had to be hospitalized for six days. So, I was going through all this shit of feeling gross but it was really hepatitis and coming down of the drugs. My arms were aching, everything was in pain, it was really stupid and quite pathetic,

looking back on it now.

So I made it through four weeks of sleeping thirty hours a day. In Oslo I woke up an hour before the show, did, and after sleeping for thirty hours I couldn't get out of my bunk. I woke up and did the show in Oslo, slept another twenty-four hours, woke up in Malmö, Sweden, threw up. People just looked at me and said, "you're really sick; you're going to the hospital." I went to the hospital that night. They thought it was hepatitis B, then C, and it turned out to be hepatitis A, thank God. I was really lucky for what was I doing I only got that.

I had three weeks to think, because I couldn't do anything else; you totally have no energy. If you even move you fuck up your whole system: your liver is non-functional, you can't clean any fats out of your body, it's just gross. I went to Edmonton and went into treatment for three weeks to see why I was getting fucked up. I know it sounds really "rehab" and clichéd, but it was really important for me to do. I'm glad I did it now, although at the time I was terrified. It was like I was turning away from myself. "Oh my god, here I am, fucking forty miles outside of Edmonton." I was right between a fuckin' penitentiary and an insane asylum. I went to these group sessions where all the people were way different from me: alcoholics, not too many coke freaks.

Phone call, Network accepts the "Killing Game" video, to which Ogre elicits a California lined "Fuckin' rad, dude." Pretty strange coming from someone wearing knee high boots and a cap with the Beetlejuice cartoon character on the top. Ogre just doesn't cut it as a surfer material somehow.

Were you doing drugs to hide from stuff?
No, I've always had control over it in a way. A lot of people in this city think I'm a brain dead fool and that I have no thought capacity besides going out and finding a line to do. They're definitely wrong. A lot of people who don't know me have heard [things] through word of mouth. You hear one person say, "I saw this person lying in the gutter, puking all over himself, shit in his pants and god, he was a mess, he's a fucking mess, he's always been a fucking mess."

I've gone in and out of being a fucking mess, I don't deny the fact, but underneath it all there's still a fairly intelligent person who's gotten to this point. But being off drugs I've had to deal with things face on. I had no choice, it just built up so much, it was impossible not to face some of these things. I think now it's far more easy to deal with things, and people, and problems. I thought I had lost part of myself; I started believing the rumours.

The way I saw it, was that at any one time during that period of when I almost died, I could have left and nobody would've known that I'd left. I could've gone to a health spa in Sweden, gotten totally clean and gone back and sat in that apartment and all the same shit would've been going around. It would've been like I'd never left and I was still fucked up, even though I wasn't. That's the kind of continuum you have to deal with.

There's definitely an information circle that spreads this kind of stuff

around. But after a while it does start to repair itself. I can go out now and look people in the face, I'm not as gully about what I'm doing to myself anymore. There was a really scary time where I knew everything I was doing was wrong. It was no longer anything but pain, it was like injecting pain in your veins every time you did it—I was doing something totally against my value system.

Why are there no lyrics on Last Rights?

It's a very, very personal record. But there's been a lot of people asking for them. I didn't publish them at first because it was too close. A lot of it is very obscure, but I might publish it when we tour. The album's still very interpretive for me, which is exciting, because it was all done in the studio. It wasn't preconceived at all like our last three albums have been.

There's a lot of train of consciousness; whatever was happening at that moment was brought into light, and I think the interesting phenomenon is that I conceived the record in one state, and five months later I'm in another state and see it totally different. At that time I was flailing out at everything and everybody. Looking back at it now, it was more of an introspective thing. When I was saying, "Your gift is misused," "I was really like [points to self] YOUR gift is misused." Then there was the media who heard the album and were giving it applications to our society and our social decadence. Then you can apply a single story to that. The story for me was my journey climbing up to the top of this mountain, and you can equate it to society going up this mountain too, facing a sheer drop-off and then having a spiritual enlightenment jump or turning around and facing everything you've brought with you. That's the best of my ability to understand what I was going through then. Then you can take all the poetry and apply it to other things, which is what it's always intended to do.

What do you like to read?

I'm reading a book called *Portable Darkness* right now. It's an all-around travel guide through Alister Crowley. I read all of Anne Rice when I was in treatment, for some reason, and I read a book called *The Wasp Factory*. It [the book] is really good, though I've been a little bit sick about it. It's very sick. It's about this kid on an island, he doesn't know his full origins. It turns out he's a girl that his father's tried to change through hormones into a male. There is a lot of horror literature now that I don't really like because it's all bubblegum. Some of it's really good, though I've been a little bit sick about it. It's very sick. It's about this kid on an island, he doesn't know his full origins. It turns out he's a girl that his father's tried to change through hormones into a male. There is a lot of horror literature now that I don't really like because it's all bubblegum. Some of it's really good, though I've been a little bit sick about it. It's very sick. 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FUTURE RAP

BY TARA SLOAN

Yo! Wassup? This is the July issue of "Future Rap" and **Spice 1** has busted out with some crazy shit! There are a total of fourteen tracks on this self-titled CD, with lyrical topics including shoot outs, life in the ghetto, violence in da streets, money 'n' murder, and booze...get the picture? A lot of the beats are basic and somewhat repetitive but Spice's melodic voice easily passes over and above the simplicity. Yeah, it's that hardcore shit with a voice

soundin' kinda like Cube! However, Ice Cube tends to talk about more social issues and it's pretty obvious he's more intelligent than Spice 1.

The CD was produced, performed and written solely by Spice 1 (which takes talent man!), and his song "187 Proof" has made its way to video rotation on Much Music. Also included is Spice's "East Bay Gangster," which is a funky-assed track with a reggae cho-

rus, and "1-800-Spice," a reggae track that's pretty alright. When I first heard this shit I thought it was lame-o 'cuz it's not true reggae...it's like funky Spice 1/Gangsta/Reggae, but now I like it.

My only criticism with Spice is that there isn't any depth to what this bro's saying. Other than "Welcome To The Ghetto" the tracks mostly consist of the same violence and explicit lyrics! Spice 1 does have the gift of flow though, and with his stressed accent it sounds pretty damn dope. Spice 1 is kickin' tha funkkee gangsta shit!

Next in the ring is that psycho-man who is known for his deep roar and anti-Compton lyrics. Yes, it's the Bronx Nigga y'all know as **Tim Dog**. *Penicillin On Wax* is the name of his 20 track release. Tim Dog, famous for his plenty-spinned 12" "Fuck Compton," gained himself a big space in the spotlight when outta nowhere came this man bellowing out deep-rooted hatred for the Compton crews. For some reason it seemed like an unheard of thing to do. Therefore, many people had mixed ideas about Tim Dog, but most listeners have been truly impressed with this man's rugged style and the confidence in his messages.

On *Penicillin On Wax* Dog throws down some boomin' tracks and powerfully delivered chants in songs such as "Bronx Nigga," "Low Down Nigga," and "Dog's Gonna Getcha." The whole CD is dedicated to anti-Compton lyrics. (There's even a "DJ Quick Beat Down" in which the track is the sound of DJ Quick imitating gettin' the "?!\$#@% beaten out of him)."

On the inside Dog has a message to rappers trying to make it, telling them to be themselves, love your fans, be true to yourself, love your mother, brothers 'n' sisters, and don't ever sell out! Even though NWA, along with Michel' Le, got dissed on throughout the CD be sure of one thing, Tim Dog ain't havin' it! Peace.

On June 9 a trio of white boys ripped shit up at the Commodore Ballroom...and *Check Your Head* is their latest thing. There is quite a change in the **Beastie Boys'** style of production, compared to previous releases, due mainly to the fact that MCA is playin' da bass, Mike D is spankin' tha drums, and Ad-Rock is twangin' on the guitar! Live!

Check Your Head has some real cool tracks, there are

20 in total: "Finger Lickin' Good," "Pass The Mic," where they all take turns rhymin' on time, and my favorite, "So What'cha Want." It's easy to tell that punk rock is a major component as far as the music is concerned: it's noisy as all hell! And the Beastie Boys slam, jam, and yell over the rumble! A fair amount of the songs are tiring, with few lyrics and a concentration on the playing of their instruments, which takes away from the CD! I prefer their earlier stuff, but that's just the way it goes sometimes.

The concert was packed for the Beastie Boys. They did do a few classics that sent the crowd into a frenzy. Okay, who am I kidding? The crowd was in a frenzy whilst waiting in anticipation for the three homeboys to cross the stage!!! That aside, *Check Your Head* has a few good tunes but if you ain't into the noisy punker sound then you best keep on going to somethin' else.

Daily Operation, by **Gang Starr** is different. Courtesy of Chrysalis Records comes this 18 track CD consisting of various issues, most dealing with defending themselves. The Guru wrote all the lyrics while DJ Premier created the beats

and scratched all the scratches on the deal. Anyway, what I'd like to say is that something went seriously wrong here: The Guru kicks his lyrics in an extremely plain voice, more so than the usual, over the most boring tracks I have ever heard in this world of rap!

Now like Gang Starr, and I know The Guru has plenty smooove-dlovin' words to say. But those beats and production are so bland that it hurts to listen to it! If it's any compromise "2 Deep" is an okay track, and so is "No Shame In My Game," but The Guru talks about...well, himself! This just doesn't seem to meet Gang Starr's standards.

Rapper of the month? Tuff decision considering the choices. Perhaps Tim Dog will fill this spot this month for steppin' out of the norm and showin' that he's not takin' no shorts!!!

Peace 'til next time!
[Ed™-Modesty did not permit Tarato mention that Terror T and the Beat Assassinator have just released a cassette containing 45 minutes of the dopest lyrics and beats. It only costs \$5 and can be purchased by contacting CTR and asking for Adam or Nardswar.]

HELP!

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

Are you an outgoing, spontaneous man or woman over the age of 19 with a never-say-die attitude and a good sense of humour?

We are a non-profit society that helps young offenders and children aged 8 to 12 who are at risk of getting into trouble.

If you have about three hours per week available for at least the next six months we'd really like to hear from you. We believe that one-to-one interaction with a well-adjusted adult can improve the behaviour of a troubled child.

Interested? Please call us today.
Phone: 291-0049



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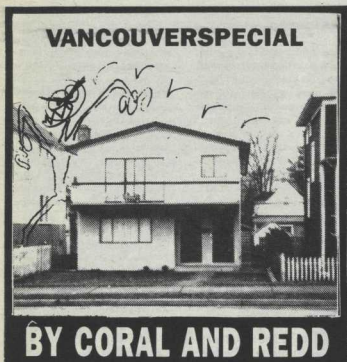




SWAMP house

2951 W 4th Ave
739-9791

VANCOUVER SPECIAL



BY CORAL AND REDD

Redd is back from New York! She says it's good to be back in action, and with the loving support from her family, the Vancouver Underground. I myself, on the other hand, seem to be living all over the province as of late, from Vancouver to the Valley to Victoria.

MUSICAL RELEASES

Some old news that you should have heard a while ago: **Windwalker's** Mint CD release *Rainstick* "pulses with controlled intensity." **Facepunch's** new, raw, Temple North CD release, is a *Crustal Explosion* *Devil*, **Superconductor's** debut Boner CD release is *Heavy With Puppy*, and the **Ludwigs** CD, *Idle and Undesirable* is out too [Ed: "and is exactly that!]. Also, the Donovan tribute compilation album, *Island of Circles*, boasting such bands as Windwalker, Superconductor, Sarah McLachlan, the Posies, *Ten Garden* and more, will be in stores on June 19. Lastly, **Second Nature** and **Catherine Wheel** have new CDs out as well. All these are worth your hard earned money, or your not-so-hard-earned welfare money.

The **Mecca Normal/Kravis**, army green, SubPop '77 single is out and it blazes, so check it out. Another, somewhat new, red '77 to invest in is from **Phlegm Camp** (Fugazi-like, but more phleg and upbeat), on Final Notice Records. And the last, but not least, '77 is by a motivated Vancouver band with potential, the **Indecisives**, on Thrillorama Records. Buy one and listen for yourself. 160-31st St., West Vancouver, V7V 4P2. **Twerdelebs** have two seven inchers coming out on Scratch. **The Crusaders** plan on releasing two seven inchers from inside the scary christian rock industry. If not they'll probably be on Scratch. **Peanut Gallery/Karniferous Raunch Fux's** split '77 is out on Dysentery. (That's enough '77 talk, otherwise Grant Lawrence will beat us up.)

Finally, if you happen to be on a tight budget you might be interested in purchasing **Nardwaz's** new piece of very colorful vinyl called *Clam Chowder and Ice vs. Big Macs and Bombers*. This happy album is

full of quality Canadian and American bands plus annoying funny interviews by Nardwaz himself. Also remember to vote for the Canadian side as your favourite on the enclosed ballot; Canada now leads with a 15 to 9 margin. The initial 2,000 copies have sold out, but you are in luck if you have not yet obtained a copy for there will be another 1,000 pressed soon.

RANDOM NOTES

In other local music news, the **Smugglers** are off of the Nardwaz label and onto Seattle's Popluma label. Their new album, *Atlantic Whiskey Flat*, will be out in July. The Smugglers just recently returned home from a very successful tour and will be out on the road yet again in the coming summer months.

The **Second Annual The Volcano** will be happening on August 9 at Cates Park in North Vancouver. The festival coordinators are looking for all types of bands. Last year 1,000 people showed up to the event. 988-ARTS for more info.

Also looking for bands is the **Western Canadian Independent Music Festival** which is happening from August 14-16 at Stoney Park (60 km west of Calgary, Alta.) 40 bands! Over 1,500 campsites! Beer garden! If you are interested in participating, or just going, contact:

WCIMF

#1507, 1100 - 8th Ave., S.W., Calgary, AB T2P 3T9 or phone 403 270-0518.

Closer to home is the **NCRCC** conference Tuesday, July 7 at 430 at the Student Union Building where bands can go to get famous by meeting music directors and programmers from across Canada. A limit of 35 of your band's demo can be distributed if you wish to do so. It is open to all genres, not just punk rock.

Check out the **Nappy Dug-out**, across from the Luvafair on Seymour, for many fine all ages shows. **Elvis Lovechild** has just completed work on a video for "Third Eye." **Truk** has broken up. **Dom**, from **Connect**, Truk's old drummer, Ryan, and guitarist **Chad** have formed **Thumbscrew**. **Connect's** old singer, Sean, is now singing for a group named **Fingrid**, a ska/

hardcore band that has been gracing Vancouver stages at late. **Cat's Game** is recording in L.A. at West Beach Records. **Ten Feet Tall** is alive and kicking, playing all ages shows here and in Victoria. The three-piece group (minus Kyle) are all taking turns singing.

Speaking of Victoria, there are hoards of bands to get stoked on that come from our province's capital: **Contempt**, **Mexican Power Authority**, **Laffing Stock**, **Goatboy** (who'suck), **B.U.M.**, **Pigment Vehicle**, **Hoffarump**, **Clusterflux**, **Mickey Christ**, **Loobag**, **Distorted Influence** (minus Andy), **King Salmon**, **Pez**, **Goad**, **Naked Twister**, **Origami**. And no they don't all have that NoMeansNo punk-fusion sound. Many basement gigs happening at Jason Brown's (the guy from **Drone**) basement. Also, **Shut-down** has regrouped and are opening with **Contempt** for **Poison Idea** on June 28 at Harpo's. Watch for these talents as they bring their diverse talents across to the mainland or, better yet, go visit friendly downtown Victoria.

CJSF has gotten their Thursday night showcase special off to a thunderous start, they only lost 500 dollars. GO DAMMIT! I mean the bands really don't need to see a trillion shining faces to know they must go on (the CJSF Thursday shows are going to be broadcast all over college radio stations in Canada, USA, and parts of Europe). However, the station won't be able to do any more if they continue to bomb. Contact Ed at CJSF 291-4423.

So are you going to *Lala's* *Sounder*, *Ministry*, *Ice Cube* and on the local stage. **Mystery Machine** is 98% opening for the *Lolapalooza* date here. I heard from someone who heard from someone that 1,000 people will take LSD and the music scene will be changed forever. [Ed: "Wasn't that done over twenty years ago at Woodstock?"] And if you are sick of the whole stupid *Lolapalooza*, spiel you can shut it and go to:

a) **ALPOLLOUZA**—For only \$3, which will be held somewhere in Langley on June 27. It will feature local bands such as **Ali** from **Alien** and the **Psycho**, **Goguy**, **THUMBSCREW**, **Grave Mistake**, and much more. There will be a band like **Ministry** and some kind of freak show as well, so save yourself \$30.

b) **ALCOHOLPALOOZER**—"If polyps are dumb enough to pay 40 bucks on a bunch of bands that were playing punk clubs not even five years ago, surely those same morons will pay ten bucks to see Vancouver's most promising stars of tomorrow and yesterday." This show, July 3 at the Commodore, features: **The Outrageous Valentines**, **Togque**, **Potato-head**, **Screech**, **Sex With Nixon**, **Bludgeoned Pigs**, **Cane Toads**, and **I, Braineater**.

DEMOS

Chocolat Sasha—*Unheard Skin* This two man band is reminiscent of *Depeche Mode* due mainly to the keyboard factor. The drums, however, are real. *Unheard Skin* can be described as "synth-pop" and are sad and mopey with disconcerting

key changes like the *Cure*. If you're into that, you'll dig this. A demo can be obtained by sending \$5 to Box 103, 8314 Greenwood Ave. N., Seattle, WA. 98103.

Eugene's Axe—*Black and White* "Black and White" is the name of this one song demo. Eugene's Axe represent the more metal side of the Veritable Shrine label. It gets so metal, dark, and heavy at times that it gets scary. The vocals are good, but sound like they are from Satan himself. Overall frighteningly impressive. If you are interested phone Mike at 852-4793.

list of mrs. arson — m. existential quantifier

list of mrs. arson emit a sound very much like European dance music even though they are from our very own Vancouver strangely enough. They've got a lot of minor chords thrown around a Stone Roses sound happening and yet some of their songs touch on both heavy and trippy. On *Spiral Records*. For info write: Box 398 - 1027 Davie St. Vancouver, BC V6E 4L2

Ne'er Do Wells—"hubba hubba"

This band is extremely mellow with a lot of pleasant sounding guitar and cooing harmonic vocals. The recording quality is high and enhances this extremely. The photograph in their informative press kit is quite deceiving because the members don't look like they could be a part of a mellow, somewhat folkish outfit like this; a skinhead, a metal guy and a "normal" guy. They say they have combined rock with country and folk, and therefore cannot be labelled: they sound like a weak *Barnaked Ladies*. I wish them well. You can contact them c/o Lawrence Cooke #104-403 Agnes St. New West V3L 1G2.

Moist—"Wild Eye Girl"/"Born with Wings"

A new two song demo from this Vancouver band. They sound like they would be a good live band: the bassist is magnificent at slapping, the drumming is tight and they are solid. But they are so solid they are bordering on the boring. (ie. pop sounding.) In their lovely press kit they state that they like "craft melody, groove and sexuality." Info at 3824 W 14th. Van V6R 2W9.

Mutant Starfish

This two song demo sports a lovely cover pic snipped from a *Beautiful B.C.* mag with red and orange starfishes basking in an ocean of seaweed. They are so bad they are great, even though the recording quality is this (garage!) Raunchy, wah-wah guitar and muffled, but strong vocals come across quite appealingly for some odd reason. Mixed right, this band could appeal to the

masses. I mean my 13 year old sister loves N—band. For more info on this obscure band write to Max at Dundas St. Van V5K 1P7.

How about a Quiz? This being a special all local issue & all. Anyway, if there's sufficient response, you may be the recipient of a fantastic prize. We'll print the answers next month.

Match the show with the most popular after-show quote

- 1) "Shit, it's the cops!"
- 2) "I didn't get to see them, the cops came as they were about to go on stage."
- 3) "Look! There's a member of Vertical Affair!"
- 4) "Dinosaur Jr."
- 5) "Dog Eat Dog"
- 6) 86St. period

Fill the Blanks

(Select appropriate word from column below sentence.)

- A) **Clam Chowder** is to _____ as _____ are to **Bombers**.
1) phlegm 2) planes
3) ice 4) big macs
5) pre-cum 6) III arms
- B) The _____ is a terrible thing to _____.
1) mind 2) taste
3) record 4) melt down and drink
- C) _____ sound a lot like _____.
1) Dirt 2) Mickey Christ
3) Press Queen 4) Nigroma
5) Superconductor 6) Facepuncher
- D) The **Nappy** _____ is a concert venue on seymour.
1) daycare
2) dugout
3) cafe
- E) _____ only do one song that sounds like *Fugazi*
1) Scumhouse
2) Blasphemy
3) Sparkmarker

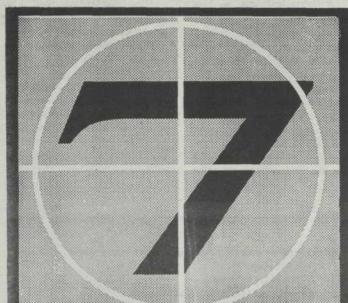
Name That Sample

(Connect the artist with the track they doggied.)

<i>The Twilight Zone</i>	Lung
<i>Blue Velvet</i>	Skinny Puppy
<i>Texas Chainsaw Massacre</i>	Skinny Puppy
Gary Numan	Skinny Puppy
Deutschland Live	Skinny Puppy



photo by Dan Zuboff



BY GRANT LAWRENCE

"Chimmychongal!" A LOCAL is use of *Discorder!* How breathtaking, how exciting, how nerve-racking, how "now!" To me, however, it is not incredibly special since I try to devote each month's seven-inch column to the local "scheme." "Scheme," you say? "What the fuck's that?" I'm callin' it the "scheme" because it seems all the local bands are pitted against one another.

Forget that crap and try to help each other out. We'll all benefit in the long run. Unfortunately, this column cannot be 100% local cuz not that many singles come out! But it is getting better! Local labels like Scratch, Mint, Final Notice, Three Minute Mile and Nardwaur have all taken up the fine practice of putting out the finest musical product known to man and woman: the 7" vinyl single. A *Discorderized* salute to all those "now" local labels! Keep it up, please!

These last few months have seen the most local singles in a long time. The first I'd like to tackle is my foremost favourite this month. It's a cute little debut 7" from West Vancouver's **The Indecisives**. This is a surprisingly cool release! The Indecisives play a subtle form of

punk rock I can only describe as "lounge-core." The four songs on this EP are all good, with the stand-out cuts being "Stupid Love Song" (great chorus with back-up singing) by the lovely, talented and famed Lisa Marr) and "Different Noise," an eclectic, fuzzed-out pop song. The Indecisives have managed to mold good songs, neat hooks, interesting lyrics and "emotional" vocals into an overall sound



that clashes and lodges itself firmly in between such giants as the Velvet Underground and the Pastels. The only thing that seriously hampers the Indecisives on vinyl is too-low fidelity and poor production. With better, louder production values (I said better, not over),

the Indecisives are gonna turn out great. Go snatch up this EP today.

As most of you should know, **Superconductor** have signed with Boner Records (Melvin, Duh) of San Francisco. With that signage we are treated to a CD EP and, as well, a two song 7" teaser. Side A is a short, fast, hard hitting monster punk rock song: very heavy; very, very loud. But fuck, with 19 guitars, 8 basses, and no drums they better be very, very something. And are Superconductor good? Well, if you like music/noise so horrifically loud it could disfigure your spine, then yeah, Superconductor are excellent.

The B side, "Satori Part One," sounds like a post-punk, industrial "Immigrant Song." When first listening to "Satori," I sat back, closed my eyes, and tried to get a mental picture in my head. Here's what I came up with: two big, fat robots kick-boxing in the dark. Is that it? Did I get it? Anyway, word has it that the CD is selling thousands of copies worldwide. Congratulations Superconductor! (I think).

And how about this...two local bands on a Sub Pop single? Too true! **Mecca Normal** and **Kreiviss** have just released a one-off split single on the talk-show of indie label of all time. The single is actually quite good, a change in the trend of most Sub Pop monthlies. Mecca Normal spit out acoustic more K-style, angst-pop tunes filled with a lot of the usual David-totally-rockin' guitar chunks. Some of it even reminded me of Eddie Cochran! Vocalist Jean Smith's sound could be described with a tasty oxymoron...I've got one, do you?

I've never seen Kreiviss live, but I will now. This Vancouver group delivers a baby called "Going To Hell," a way-cool, melodic, crunchy, punk-pop song, almost to the degree of "folky," in a positive way. The only drawback to this nifty number is those vocals! Must the yell and shriek? If the vocalist actually sang instead of doing the "screaming-attitude-cover-up" stuff this would be an even better song than it already is. The flaps

are down for getting this Sub Pop cuz it's good.

New from Scratch Records is a single from Arizona's **Sun City Girls**. What in the fuck...? Did I buy the wrong record? What is this? Sun City Girls...sounds like a heat-soaked, sun-dried punk rock band right? Wrong. This sin-



gle, entitled "Napoleon and Josephine," is a taped conversation/argument between a disgruntled storekeeper and some crazy dude ranting and raving about "life." He does briefly mention Napoleon. The crazy guy sounds like a Chinese rasta-farian and the storekeeper sounds bitterly American. Over the whole ten minutes or so conversation, the storekeeper is constantly trying to get the guy the fuck away from his store and the Chinese rasta keeps violently raving. Well worth the \$3.00 listening charge.

Pure is the band who was "discovered" at last year's MusicWest bullshit affair and have since ignored to some lame major like WEA. Surprisingly enough, these guys had the courage/gall to actually release a 7" single on their own! Though I commend these Vancouver self-starters for putting out a single, I kinda gotta ask...why? Their schlocky, bland'n'slick stadium rock-in-the-making is simply not the kinda stuff 7" buyers of today are looking for! We buy 7" to get away from this corporate mega-dollar bullshit! Listen up Pure, slap your smoother-than-the-Cult, Manchester pop onto a CD and leave us alone.

And that's that for LOCAL.

singles this month. I was gonna try to make the whole column all local, but I can't, there just ain't that many...yet. Since I've run out of Vancouver singles, the least I can do is stay close to home...and what's close to home...? Seattle! Portland! The Pacific Northwest! Puget Power Rock and Roll!

Like **Brother Buzz's** new rekkid on eMPLY. I've never heard of these guys before but WOW. They rock in the righteous and now-familiar eMPLY fashion. True rock and roll: snappy, cheatah, rained-out. Love the '68 twist on "Liar." Coincidentally or not, the tune's got a Castaways sorta feel to it. Dynamite single.

Also on eMPLY comes forth the mighty **Schleprock** of San Fran. Standard hooky-guitar power-pop here, reminiscent of Green Day or good Descendants. The strained, gritty vocals seem to take away before they give on this baby. Not incredible, but pretty good. And hey, they thank the Cruel Elephant in the liner notes!

Sprinkler's got a new one out on T/K Records of Portland. Did Sprinkler's thing on Sub-Pop come out yet or what? I can't remember if it has yet or not...how pathetic of me! This single "Landlord" b/w "Marble" is an



extreme smack of meshy, thrashing, big rock. "Landlord" is a wall of sound chugging full speed

ahead, rattlin' yer brains as the passes and ending on a dime. "Marble" is not quite so abrasive... a cool singalong pop song. Neato! Maybe I will look for that Sub Pop release.

How nice, a change of pace! **The Flap Jacks** (also on T/K) new record just got tossed into my greedy review! clutches and what can I say? Fun, dumb, bass-slappin' rockability. If you're a fan of the original boad sound, feast on the Flapjacks today!

Who ever runs T/K Records has a very broad taste of music. This one's by a Portland band called **Caveman Shoestore**. Quite bizarre. Haunting, "earthy" rhythms fronted by wailing female vocals. Ahypprocity-noise type of sound. You know what this single reminds me of? Really early Bob's Your Uncle. Not my bag at all, but hey, you might dig it!

And for my last selection I shall choose... another lo-fi six song EP entitled "Moominland" from Bellingham's **Crayon**. (That's pretty local.) Crayon is another group that is influentially fueled by the K crash-pop revolution thing.

Flatly, this record starts out bad. "Secret Goldfish" is a depressing, slow-core type tune that almost lost me on the whole record. Not to fear! Crayon pull through with the amazing teen-bopper "St. Michael and the Killer Whale." The rest of the EP booms along with that out o' key, out o' tune devil-may-care succulent, finishing off with the sounding denouement "Barney, Garney." Since when do kids from Bellingham have British accents?

And that, brats, is the end of the column this month. If you want yer platitudes reviewed here, send 'em to me care of *Discorder*. And all you local-yocals out there keep an eye peeled for new local 7" releases from

Tankhog (Mini), The Rattled Roosters, Sparkmarker, and The Evaporators!!!

READ DISORDER

ERIC PYLE DOES!



Hoo boy, don't we know it. In fact, Eric reads *Discorder* regularly to find out the latest news on his band, The Ludwigs, as well as what's happening in the rest of the local scene and alternative music in general. You too can have a piece of the action, mailed to your home, for the extra-cheap price of \$15 in Canada (where Eric lives), \$15 US for the home of the brave, and \$24 for elsewhere. Send your cheque or money order to: *Discorder* Subscriptions, 233-6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, B.C., V6T 1Z1. We thank you, Eric thanks you. The greatest rock'n'roll band on earth thanks you.





UNDER REVIEW

Roots Roundup What We Do (Groundup Music)

Roots Roundup is back, this time captured on 56.18 minutes of CD bliss. Right off the bat my favorite track on this sunny pack is "No It U Love," which, cleverly, is "revolution" spelled backwards. It's a thoughtful song about psychic connections between people over long distances.

"On My Bike" summarizes the overall feel of the album: a cool combination of upbeatness mixed with an uneasy, almost foreboding, downtown deep-city reality. "Bike" discusses the pleasures of cycling through the streets, and the ironic disgust of choking on the city's exhaust.

A heavier edge on some songs paves a new direction for the usual "ska-funk-party-reggae" stuff, taking our favorite local roots band into a thrashy, punk-funk feel. This sound is especially evident on "Addiction," a musical comment on chemical and emotional dependencies.

Plenty of fun lovin' trombone on the album, bone stroker Dym E. Tree has recently left the group (replaced by Canadian rock-worshiper Ford Pierre of Jr. Gone Wild and Jerry Jerry fame), sends Roots further into heavier sounds. Don't forget Roots drummer Barry once smashed skins for Vancouver legends the Young Canadians!

All in all, a great album. A milestone for Roots Roundup and a crucial notch in Vancouver rock history. Purchase it before it sells out.

Beez

The Ludwigs Idle and Undesirable (9B South Records)

No.

Grant Lawrence

Change of Heart Smile (Cargo Records)

Change of Heart has laboured in virtual obscurity (from major labels, major critics, and the vast majority of the population) for ten years. Yet, in that time, they have released three brilliant albums. Now make it four.

Except *Smile* is so good and so different, it is beyond anything that

a band who has had no major label interest in ten years should be capable of doing. How could labels, major and independent alike, not have signed this band years ago and turned them into "C-had"? Maybe it's for the better, because the seventy-four minutes and 21 songs that make up *Smile* sound so much cooler when you know that they are unsigned.

You could spend the rest of your life looking for a weak link on this record. It has everything: it rocks; it chortles; it experiments; it samples. The vocals either scream out at you or pull you into the world that Change of Heart occupy and have literally captured with such precision that you feel that you are there with them during the writing process and the recording of the album. Which, in a way, you are.

Smile was recorded live to tape: no overdubs, no expensive production, no major label excesses. Four days. But Change of Heart has no hype machine. They have no advertising budget that is bigger than the GNP of most third world countries. There is only the music. Hopefully that is enough in some circles. *Smile* will make your head spin. You may not need to buy another album this year.

There are only two things that make me sad about this record. First, it is so good that someone has to sign them. And then they'll try to do the label thing and change them, giving them groovy haircuts, buying them new "old" clothes, and putting back up vocals where no back up vocals have gone before. The second thing is that critics who have read about Change of Heart everywhere, except in their own columns, will start throwing the band on their top ten lists so that Change of Heart can bring a little coolness into their otherwise bland and pitiful lives. Change of Heart deserves a better fate than that. *Smile* deserves to be in your record collection.

Rob Boper

Adrian Belew Inner Revolution (WEA)

Mr. Belew suffers from the dreaded Matur Antia Syndrome: songs dealing with Big Issues, supplemented

with "lusty ticks," adventuresome arrangements, and an unhealthy Beatles-by-way-of-XTC influence.

Sure, Belew has never been an immature artist—he cut his teeth with Robert Fripp in King Crimson, after all—but another thing we don't need. Check out the song titles: "Inner Revolution" (revolution begins at home blah blah blah), "This Is What I Believe In" (no sarcasm), "Big Blue Sun," "Member of the Tribe." Just from these alone you could guess that this disc bleeds its heart all over the place, and you'd be right.

Catchy melodies and solid, sometimes inventive, playing with the usual amount (for Belew) of strange guitar noises. A good album, a solid effort, but ultimately nothing to get excited about.

Shawn Connor

Steve Wynn Dazzling Display (RNA/Warner)

It's taken at least a decade for Steve Wynn to be content with his lot as a (good) songwriter-performer and after all these years, you can't blame him for wanting to feel so. His willingness to experiment is a trait that has backed him equally in critical glow and critic's burn. Back in his Dream Syndicate days he bore much of the fallout surrounding the band's sophomore release, *Medicine Show*, and its creepy, long songs, many that alienated much of the band's hard earned audience.

Going solo didn't require nearly as much fortitude, but while planning his move to do so, he must have wondered if he could pull off the coup of sounding like himself but unlike his old band. For his release Wynn decided to retain a solid core of players from his successful debut, *Kerosene Man*, including guitarist Robert Mach, bassists Fernando Saunders, ex-Syndicate mate Mark Walton, drummer Denny Fongheiser and violinist Richard George. Good friends Peter Buck, Johnette Napolitano and Chris Casavas, among others, provide timely assistance. Their backing vocals and interaction with the main attraction retains the edginess of his past nasal-narratives without succumbing to the ghost of Syndicate.

A welcome carry-over from the last record is his changed outlook. While diarchs can groove to songs like "405" and the U2-influenced track, songs such as "Dandy In Disguise" and the Cowbells-like "Tuesday" (on which Billy's little sister Susan is a backing vocalist) walk compassion's stigmatized without falling into imaginary nets of propriety and self-pity. As was the case with *Kerosene Man*, producer Joe Chiccarelli (Spirit of the West) has recorded the large ensemble surrounding Wynn so that each other's presence enhances the others without crushing the songs.

Dazzling might be the wrong word to name this record. Try solid.

Rob Harrison

XTC Nonsuch (A&M/Virgin)

Continuing in the pursuit of making music, that Andy Partridge says is "so good it hurts to listen to," XTC

has released *Nonsuch*, their twelfth album for Virgin Records. The result is an intricately textured recording à la the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper* and Brian Wilson's *Pet Sounds* phase.

Having made exquisite, though largely unheralded, music for nearly fifteen years now, it could almost be expected that XTC might attempt to commercialize their sound a bit to gain a broader audience. No dice. It is instead becoming increasingly evident that these guys would sooner play Wembley Stadium (not likely, given Partridge's paralyzing fear of performing live) than compromise their aberrant approach to musical expression. If anything, XTC seem to be reverting back to the style of previous albums such as *The Big Express* and *English Settlement*. *Nonsuch* is related to these records in that it mixes rich orchestration and jangly acoustics with Partridge's sly lyrics and howling vocals.

The first single, "The Ballad of Peter Pumpkinhead," is a light-hearted tale of martyrdom, and about as mainstream as XTC would care to get. From there, things get increasingly complex, and thereby much more interesting. Moulding's majestic "My Bird Performs" plays the perfect McCartney-like counterpart to Partridge's Lennon-esque "Dear Madame Barnum" and "Crocodile," about the evils of jealousy. "The Disappointing" sympathizes with those who feel cheated out of romance, while "Bangalore" mocks those who waste their lives planning only for the future.

The seventeenth (phew!) and final cut, "Books Are Burning," is Partridge's pensive editorial on the sanctity of the written word and features some impressive guitar work by Partridge and Gregory.

With yet another masterpiece under their belts, XTC seem once again destined to be adored by the critics and unjustly ignored by the public. Any true fan of music would be doing himself a huge disservice by missing out on this album.

Lee-Ann Hooker

Celtic Frost Parched With Thirst Am I and Dying (Noise/BMG)

Switzerland: home of watches, cheese, chocolate, stability, neutrality, a spiraling heroin epidemic, the original Cabaret Voltaire, H.R. Ciger and Celtic Frost. Beginning as Hellhammer, the Frost have been churning out their Dirk Bogarde-esque, "Last Year at Marienbad," rarefied Euro-thrash for a decade, therein producing a background hum for decaying villas where virginal/vampirish servants indulge the whims of the inebriated feigns.

So 1987's "Cold Lake," which brought the glam-decadence to the surface ("Downtown Hanoi"—Mike Monroe, call your office), should've been a masterpiece, but it wasn't. Tom Warrior's Cookie Monster vocals have dated a bit, as has that 80's variety of thrash where the chromatically-charged guitar riffs seem to alter slightly with each go-round as nobody can remember how they went the first time.

Most of the "experiments" on this career retrospective work better

in theory than practice: "Cherry Orchard" is a waste of a great title, and "Mexican Radio" is still pointless despite having been praised to the skies by people who never even heard it (I know, I used to). There are sundries however, everything from "To Mega Therion" and everything with femme-vocals, including the incredible "I Won't Dance," featuring plasticized Philly soulchicks straight out of "Young Americans."

A word on the band's glacial imagery—many artists (Anni-Kavan, Black Sabbath) have used ice/snow/winter, etc., as metaphors for encroaching dark addiction; Celtic Frost reminds me of a pleasantly disorienting cough syrup buzz (That isn't a put-down.)

Dave "Wave Queen" Quaglia

Sisters of Mercy Some Girls Wander By Mistake (WEA)

This record is crap. Allow me to expand. This record is absolute, cliché-loaded, dull, self-indulgent, Emerson, Lake and Palmer of the 1980's crap. God knows why anyone but a greedy record company attempted to spin a fast profit out of a possibly disintegrating band would even release such a record.

This album is a compilation of early Sisters singles from 1980 to 1983, including a very tired cover of the Rolling Stones' "Gimme Shelter." Here is a band that considers itself so very deep and so very dark but, as their early singles displayed, are really so very tedious. Ignore this record and hopefully it will go away.

Dominic Patten

Faith No More Angel Dust (Wea/Slash)

QUESTION: How does one rate an album that at some points contains the thrash and hash qualities that have made a band famous while at other times seems like Huey Lewis' first metal attempt?

ANSWER: So So.

Angel Dust, Faith No More's latest effort, kicks off like a rocket with a tune called "Land of Sun-

shine" and continues with a sure fire hit called "Caffeine," that will have listeners dancing around their rooms as soon as they hear it. Throughout the first three tunes Jim Martin's guitar and Mike Patton's vocals really drive the group, at times reaching perfection. However, by the time the fifth track, "Smaller and Smaller," has rolled about the music begins to feel too keyboard dominated and takes on a slightly comely tone.

As mentioned before Mike Patton's vocals are without doubt the album's strongest quality, but the music accompanying him doesn't do him justice at times and leads one to think that he ought to make Mr. Bungle a full time gig.

With *Angel Dust* being so mediocre it will be interesting to see audience reaction to it when Faith No More appears this summer with Metallica and Guns N' Roses. At least when they rip out "Epic," their only true hit to date, the crowd will go insane. Other than that the only other insanity will be spending 15 bucks for a copy of the album.

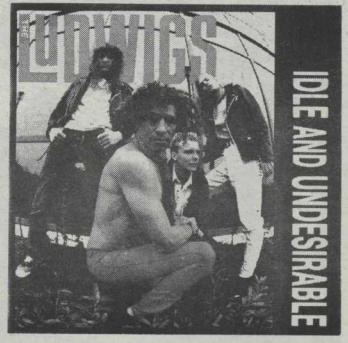
Ralph

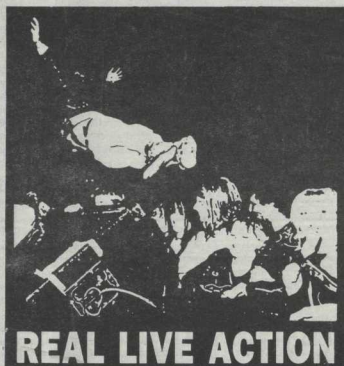
Sky Cries Mary Exit at the Axis (Capitol/World Domination)

Upon an ancient recommendation from a tackily garbed Bellevue life-guard, I eagerly gave this lil' CD a spin. In a word: (please forgive me) trippy. Fertile pincones of poetry dance over a rich and rippling sea of multicolored music—eat that English 100. Although a trifle repetitive for my tastes, it's definitely different. The weaving of eloquent voices and samples is hypnotically mellow. My mind serenely drifts to images of lava lamps, beads, sunflowers, and all 'n' ripe wheat.

It's not baring but I would recommend it for getting you in a tear down your DOA poster, speed along the highway, general rabble rousing mood. Thinking back to that goofy life-guard, I guess if Sky Cries Mary can appeal to a guy who at age 23 can't be relied on to form a sentence without including a grunting noise, then I'm sure those of us with brains can like them too.

Esteo





**Alien Sex Fiend
Town Pump
Thursday 4 June**

Dark, mystic, mysterious, angry, ugly.

I hoped all the terms I used to describe Alien Sex Fiend would come to life but what I saw was a show revolving around the captivating presence of Nick Fiend.

The dichotomy of his stage persona was obvious to all witnessing the gentle, weak, and vulnerable manner in which he moved about. However, in a

sudden shift, he would deliver powerful vocals that keep people guessing, "What's he going to do next?" All the while he never lost that air of desperation.

Nick guided the audience through a strong collection of tunes, including "Magic" which has been released as a video. Minus the video's numerous costume changes, the live performance captured the same level of vivid imagery and was by far the most theatrical song of the evening. Nick,

dressed in a ringmaster's costume, paid tribute to Shakespeare by singing to a skull held in his left hand. After the first verse he threw the skull he held, plus about ten more, into the audience. People walked out of there with skulls, two femurs, balloons, and even a 6 ft. blow-up banana.

In the end I had no moments. Not even a balloon. But I soon realized that just being at the show was prize enough. Besides, I don't think that woman would have given up the 6 ft. banana for anything.

Braden Z

**Gwar
Melvins
New York Theatre
Saturday 6 June**

Sweltering heat mixed with B.O. provided an ideal environment for mania to breed. Before offering musical sacrifices to the Gods of Distortion, the Melvins took the stage in their usual coy manner. The lighting dude, however, had the opposite in mind as it took him a few seconds to turn off the stage lights and have the thing look like a concert, instead of a practice session in someone's basement. The sound was surprisingly good. All instrument levels were well balanced.

This contrasted with the bored-looking security team who let all stage-diving go unmolested until what seemed to

be a Melvins roadie took matters into his own hands.

Conversely, funtime for the audience was when Gwar hit the stage. Indeed, that stage literally got hit with every imaginable bodily fluid: gob, blood, cum, piss, sweat (well, alright, maybe no tears). However, it was difficult to retain the theatrics and music at the same time. Both were so overwhelming that it seemed they were battling for the audience's attention. Although it was out of character for me, the theatrics couldn't be denied as champion. How could it have been any other way with Oderus leading a collective of musical mutants and bellowing at the audience, "Don't try to suck up by spitting on me. Shoot cum this far... and maybe I'll fuck you."

The stagedivers that ignored the "Do not dive" request from Gwar got it hard when Sexecutioner bopped 'em, tomahawk-style, with a menacing 20-inch blade topping a six foot staff. Not enough to suppress divers? Okay, how about a few stage-slaves dressed in nothing but g-strings and pre-fabricated penises of prodigious proportions.

Gwar woman, the Goddess of Subjugation, raged about the stage flawlessly personifying feminism in its most primal form. Man, what I would do to be that cop she....

Suffice to say that Gwar is a band comprised of great extremes. The result of which was an extremely entertaining evening of anatomical enlightenment and a clinic case of sensory overload for yours truly.

Braden Z

**Kreiviss
Cruel Elephant
Friday 12 June**

I realize I'm getting jaded, grumpy, and old when I regard the prospect of checking out new bands as an invitation to boredom and the resultant case of ringing ears. I've nurtured my cynicism to the point that I am no longer disappointed after seeing three crummy bands because, truthfully, that's what I was expecting. I don't believe it's a case of being close-minded (I hope), and I do concede that Vancouver has its share of talent that each contain all the ingredients for a night of high entertainment. To this list add Kreiviss.

Not many knew what to expect of a stageful of women bearing guitars, but by the opening of the second tune (when sometimes singer Sandy Morris bluntly announced, "This one for the U.S. border guards 'cuz they fuckin' suck"), the lines were drawn and more than half of the audience went back to its corners or fled the club completely.

Most people operate under some form of state brainwashing and live within a vision of the world that is not quite reality, like being turned off by women playing rock'n'roll. Silly, I know, but obviously a strong conditioning programmed into more than a smattering of those present. Negative connotation formed into thought and came out as: "I can't believe what they're doing! They're making fools of themselves." But the band members' style is collectivist; they emanate confidence, not confrontation. (Must be a case of dominant verbal gene in that X chromosome, I reckon).

Kreiviss emerged not out of some hegemonic desire to stir shit up, but as a vehicle to show feelings, talk things out and display its (undeniable) creative right. The band is no mere branch on the Superconductor family tree—a cowardly dismissal if I ever heard one—but a serious separate entity. And for those who stuck close to the Elephant stage, it was an occasion to dance, holler, enjoy and be impressed.

Lenny Morgan

**Oyster Band
Commodore Ballroom
Friday 12 June**

Have you ever noticed that by the fourth or fifth song of a band's set you tend to lose interest? By that time it has become evident that the music of the evening will not be providing a transcendental experience and the mind begins to wander asking itself practical questions such as "Can I afford another drink?" "Will anyone steal my jacket if I leave it here?" and "Why aren't I cool enough to never be bumped out?"

With all the press hype surrounding the Oyster Band I expected to be disappointed; here is a band that picked-up favorable comparisons to the Pogues, Billy Bragg, NRBQ and the Waterboys. However, the Oyster Band lived up to and surpassed such comparisons. By the end of the night I had become one of those people who scream for another encore even after the band has played for almost two hours and given two encores already.

While I like to think concert reviews shouldn't fall into simple pro or con tirades on the part of the reviewer, I'll make an exception for the Oyster Band and wear my fan hat on this occasion. The Oyster Band disregarded that unseen/unspoken barrier that commonly separates an audience and performers from the first note, which in the great video-vacuum of today is not an easy feat. And, best of all, the band closed with a rave-up version of "I Fought The Law" so good you would never guess it wasn't their own.

Every band should be like the Oyster Band and every band that isn't should break up. God bless the Oyster Band. God bless them all.

Dominic Patten

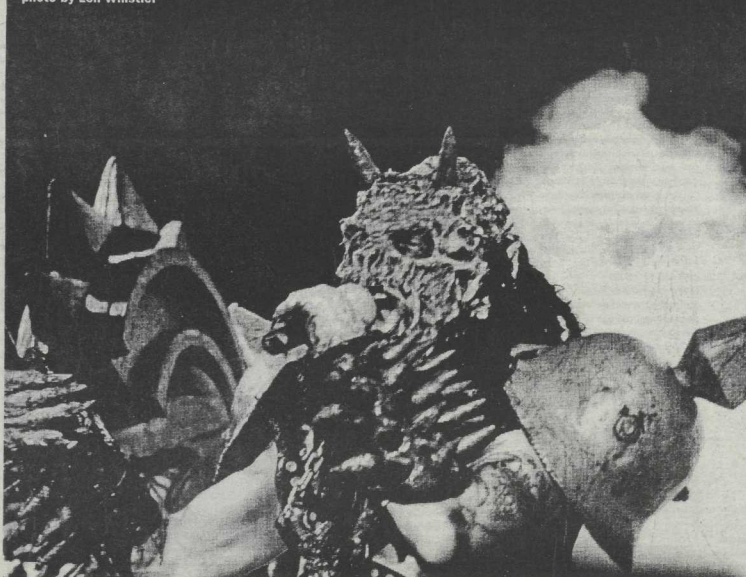
**ALL
My Name
Town Pump
Friday 12 June**

Seeing All is like watching the band at your high school prom: even if they're no good, everybody is into them for that one night.

My Name, on the other hand, is a band that deserves more than one sentence of type, if not only because after this tour with All this anonymous Tacoma band will be bigger than N-Band. That would be the ideal scenario but as we all know some over-hyped, plaid-wearing cheetah band will be signed to Madonna's new label for a caillion dollars, and My Name will still be the reigning kings of the independent C/Z label.

My Name has that rare knack of being ingeniously quirky (comparable to Nomeansno, Jesus Lizard, or a tight jazz band for that matter, but comparisons are only

photo by Len Whistler



for the benefit of those who haven't heard the band), a rare knack it is considering few attempt it and some do it bad (Melvins). However, when applied with the correct blend of talent and insight (i.e. knowing when you are overdoing it), this musical seizure sees no threat of choking on its tongue.

With a guitarist and bassist equally capable of pulling off thick, hypnotic fills/leads, and a drummer who drew praise from skin-pounder John Wright (Nomeansno) himself, My Name knits the tightest pair of baby booties stateside. Vocalist, Abe, then threads his wiry voice through every crack and sinew of the band's instrumentation to caulk and seal the pulsing rage of the band into an airtight discordant mutiny. I hate to make the comparison to Jesus Lizard again, but David Yow is definitely reincarnated in the body of this man.

With the strength of only a 7" and a much delayed LP, look for All to be opening for these guys next time they're through our/your town.

Paul I. Brooks

Rheostatics
Roots Roundup
Town Pump
Saturday 13 June

The Rheostatics were the opener and their fans hit the floor the same time the band hit the stage, packing in like sardines (no

smell, though). Albeit, the fans weren't there to dance; the Rheostatics use rhythm to good effect, and their music targets the head rather than the hips.

The band does well at letting each member's individuality show through their tight teamwork and still leave room for innovation. One particularly on target piece on that miserably wet Vancouver day contained the words "I was down because of the rain," with hands clapping to emphasize the sounds of the rain. Overall, a good show and one that satisfied although the band unfortunately stopped after a few song encore, unaware that they could have played longer.

After a twenty minute break and a change in band equipment, Roots Roundup appeared. The fans packed the floor and everyone grooved to the funky rhythm. What resulted was a fabulous evening from two Canadian bands that we will be hearing and seeing for a long time to come.

Roseann Nasser

Beautiful South
Commodore Ballroom
Monday 15 June

The honest approach is always best, so I'll tell you, writing this review is like pulling teeth. Should I work quickly and hope for a clean job or go slow and cautious, looking to detail? Will a doorknob and string do or

would pliers be better? In compositional terms, should I just get it over with or continue on my quest for perfection? The problem with this analogy is that the Beautiful South gig was a far cry from a trip to the dentist. Rather, it was an exciting, amusing and unusual night on the town.

The first surprise I got was that the show had sold out - scalpers were trying for almost double the original price! Surprise number two: no opening band. I accepted this immediately as somehow very appropriate. Who would be right to open for them anyhow?

The crowd appeared to be mostly Coast listeners and, apart from one person who dog-whistled throughout the most emotional song in their set, the audience behaved themselves well. I certainly was not the only person there enjoying myself. In fact, I haven't seen a crowd so happy since S.N.F.U. at the Town Pump in '87. We leapt, and swayed, and hollered to the unique songs and engaging patter of the Beautiful South: eleven musicians and singers make for wonderful sound and stage antics.

I found the songs of their new album 0898 more inspiring live and practically swooned with delight during "360." The aforementioned emotional song, "Let Love Speak Up Itself," was the intense highlight

of the evening. I don't think I was alone in feeling rather like a guilty voyeur. Most of the time I got a friendly feeling from the band, shy and extroverted members alike, especially the horn section who roamed the stage goading the fans. Enthusiasm was infectious this night. We cheered for a band member's new-born baby girl and laughed at Paul Heaton's, "Here's a song I'm sure Phil Collins, who played

the night before - would have written."

The band left the stage and we then had to work hard for an encore, screaming and stamping for a long five minutes, but it was a labour of love. I think the Beautiful South were almost embarrassed by our affection. Hopefully they'll get a warm reception wherever they go, but I like to think Vancouver was special.

Helen G.



photo by Mandy Williams

FROM GERMANY - SPIRAL RECORDING ARTIST

LIST OF MRS. ARSON



THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1992

GRACELAND

1250 Richards St. • Tel: 688-2640 • Doors open at 9:00pm
Special guest to be announced • Free Admission with List of Mrs. Arson T-Shirt or Crunchy Dolphin Snack - Nose • Prizes for big hair • Tickets at Track and Zulu or at the door.



CHARTS

JULY 92 LONG GROOVES 50

1	VARIOUS.....	VIRUS 100(ALT/TERNATIVE TENTA/CES)
2	VARIOUS.....	CLAM CHOWDER AND ICE'S. BIG MACS AND BOMBERS(NA ROWNARD)
3	WINDOWALKER.....	RAINSTICK(MINT)
4	BEASTIE BOYS.....	CHECK YOUR HEAD(CAPITOL)
5	PAVEMENT.....	SLANTED AND ENCHANTED(MATADOR)
6	WEEN.....	THE POD(CARGO-SHIMMY-DISC)
7	GWAR.....	AMERICA MUST BE DESTROYED(WARNER-SLAYER)
8	CHANGE OF HEART.....	SMILE(CARGO)
9	DAVIGLO ABBOTT.....	TWO DOGS FUCKING(FRIDGE PRODUCT)
10	OH.....	MACHINE ALTAR TRANSMISSION(FRIDGE PRODUCT)
11	THE DOUGBOYS.....	WHEN UP TURNS TO DOWN(LESS)
12	SPORCONDUCTOR.....	HEAVY WITH PUPPY(BONE)
13	VARIOUS.....	WE BITE AMERICA(WE BITE AMERICA)
14	SUPERCHUNK.....	TOSSING SEEDS(MERGE)
15	MAY.....	SUPERNATURAL(ELECTRA-LINE)
16	ICHI.....	DYK TO BE JESUS(NETWORK)
17	HARD ROCK MINERS.....	THE FINAL FRONTIER(SONY)
18	GOODFLESH.....	PURE(REALITY)
19	FACEPULLER.....	CRANIAL EXPANSION DEVICE(EMPLE NORTH)
20	FLOP.....	FLOP AND THE FALL OF THE MOP(SQUEEZER(MG-FRONTIER)
21	NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS.....	HENRY'S DREAM(ELECTRA-MUTE)
22	DE TOTEN HOSEN.....	LEARNING ENGLISH LESSON (VIRGIN)
23	DASTY CHANSAW.....	LOVESICK PLEASURE(BEA-DEVIA)
24	HILANA HATFIELD.....	HEY BABE(MAMMOTH)
25	JESUS AND MARY CHAIN.....	HONEY'S DEAD(WARNER-DEF AMERICAN)
26	VARIOUS.....	LACHES LOUSSES RICA(GO-TIR GROUPE)
27	TEAR GARDEN.....	THE LAST MAN TO FLY(CAPITOL-NETWORK)
28	D. PICNIC.....	NEW WAVE PARTY(CARGO-EARTH MUSIC)
29	ATOMIC 61.....	HEARTWORM(BOX DOG)
30	BOOY COUNT.....	BOOY COUNT(WARNER-S)
31	NOFX.....	THE LONGEST LINE(FAIT WRECK CHORDS)

32	SUPERSUCKERS.....	THE SONGS ALL SOUND THE SAME(EMPTY)
33	STEVEN JESSE BERNSTEIN.....	PRISON(CAROLINE-SUB POP)
34	TRICONT LINE ASSEMBLY.....	NEURAL IMPLANT(CARGO-THIRD HAND)
35	KODE IV.....	INSANE(CARGO-KK)
36	JAVA MAY.....	WITH A PICTURE IN MIND(CAPITOL-NETWORK)
37	SONICS.....	MAINTAINING MY COOLER(EDEN)
38	PRAYERS FOR THE RAVEN.....	SACRED GROUND(WINDING AND A PLAYER)
39	RIPCORDZ.....	KIDNOISE(CARGO-EN GUARD)
40	THE STAIRS.....	MEXICAN 88(POLYGRAM-LONDON)
41	X-CLAN.....	XODUS(POLYGRAM)
42	ROCKET FROM THE CRVL.....	PAINT AS A FRAG(BANCARGO-HEADHUNTER)
43	VARIOUS.....	WORLD MUSIC(AND-MANGO)
44	BABES IN TOYLAND.....	THE PEEL SESSIONS(DUTCH EAST INDIA-STRANGE FRUIT)
45	ALL.....	PERCOLATER(CRUZ)
46	VERBAL ASSAULT.....	VERBAL ASSAULT(CARGO-GROOVE)
47	LOST DAKOTAS.....	LAST TRAIN TO KIP(LINGUINDEPENDANT)
48	YOKO ONO.....	WALKING ON THIN ICE(EPKED)
49	UNDAINE.....	UNSALEMATADORS
50	VARIOUS.....	GUITARROBOTS(CAROLINE-WO-A)

JULY 92 SHORTIE GROOVES 35

1	MECCA NORMAL B/W KEVVIS.....	3-SONG (EPUS POP)
2	PHLEG CAMP.....	"BEAKER"(FINAL NOTICE)
3	MUCHONEY B/W GASHUFFER.....	"YOU STUPID ASSHOLE"/"KNIFE MANUAL" (7"EMPTY)
4	HELMET.....	"IN THE MEMENTO" CD-SAMPHETAMINE REPTILE
5	HOT GLUE GUN.....	"I'LL KILL YOU" (7"MUDD)
6	HOUSE OF PAIN.....	JUMP AROUND 12" (TOMMY BOW)
7	MULE.....	"UNCLE FUCK" (7"EBROWNER)
8	THE MUFFS.....	"GUILTY"/"RIGHT IN THE EYE" (7"IAU-GO-GO)
9	YO YO.....	"HOME GIRL DON'T PLAY DAT" 12"(EAST WEST)
10	THE INDECIGVES.....	FILL ME UP EP (7"THRILL-O-RAMA)
11	BRATMOBILE.....	KISS AND RIDE (7"HOMESTEAD)
12	BROTHER BUZZ.....	"DYNAMITE" (7"EMPTY)
13	THE MECCES.....	DON'T LET THE SOAP RUN OUT (7"EMPTY)
14	THE MUFFS.....	NEW LOVE (7"EMPATHY FOR THE BECOPES INDUSTRY)
15	SCARLET DROPS.....	"DOGA-SEEP"/"CLUNG" (7"WARBET)
16	BAD LIVERS.....	"LUST FOR LIFE" (7"UPPUST)
17	EXCESSIVE FORCE.....	"CONQUER YOUR HOUSE" 12"(WAX TRAX-EMFAND)
18	CATS GAME.....	HOME SWEET HOME (7"13 MINUTE MILE)
19	CAPTAIN AMERICA.....	FLAME ON EP(CARGO-PAPERHOUSE)
20	THE GORES.....	"BABY SAY UNH" (7"CARGO-ESTRUS)
21	PRAIRIE SCHOOL.....	"INSUFFICIENT"/"GREEN" (7"JUSANVIL)
22	SCHLEPROCK.....	"LOOKING BACK" (7"DOUCH AND GO)
23	THE LIZARD.....	"WHEELCHAIR EPIDEMIC" (7"DOUCH AND GO)
24	UNDEST.....	BAVARIAN MOODS (7"HOMESTEAD)
25	ZIPGUN.....	"TOGETHER DUMB" (7"EMPTY)
26	SWERVEDRIVER.....	"REEL TO REEL" 12"(CREATION-ARM)
27	THE BREEDERS.....	CD-5 EP(POLYGRAM-ADM)
28	L7.....	EP(WARNER-SLASH)
29	FLOP.....	"DRUGS" & "ACTION" (7"DASHBOARD HULA GIRL)
30	CAPTAIN'S AND THE KNICKERBOCKERS.....	SOPHIE'S TWO LOUNGE (7"HEARTPUNCH)
31	BUM.....	PROMISE IS A PROMISE (7"ELANCE ROCK)
32	HUEVOS SANCHEROS.....	ROCKET TO NOWHERE (7"ESTRUS)
33	BEGLAM ROVERS/WANNABE TEXANS.....	A BENEFIT FOR AMERICAN PLACE (7"SPHRT)
34	JAWCRK.....	"TONGUES"/"ONES AND ZEROS"(DISCORD)
35	THE UNDEATERS.....	"TIME MACHINE"/"LOOKOUT" (7"TOBMS TONE)

JULY 92 SINGLE MAGNETIC PARTYCLOTHES

1	FOAM.....	"SICK MAN"
2	SNOW DOGS.....	"K-CAR"
3	SHORT LEASH.....	"DRINKING WITH THE ANGEL"
4	SLOAN.....	"UNDERWHELMED"
5	WASHBOARD HANK.....	"TURKEY IN THE STRAW"/"ARE YOU SCRUBBED"
6	MYSTERY MACHINE.....	"BROKEN"
7	MYSTERY MACHINE.....	"SHAKY GROUND"
8	THE FALCONS.....	"SHADOWLAND"
9	ALICE UNDERGROUND.....	"TWISTING ROPE"
10	VEDA HILL.....	"LAINE"
11	JUDY RADUL.....	"BUCKLE UP"
12	MAN.....	"PEOPLE BOW"
13	SHORT LEASH.....	"BAG LADY"
14	BIGHOUSE 5.....	"SOLID GOLD EASY ACTION"
15	LIST OF MRS. ARSON.....	"DANCE"
16	SUCKING CHEST WOUND.....	"SATAN N' DRUGS N' HIPPIES N' R&R"
17	NOWHERE MEN.....	"DON'T YOU KNOW"
18	ID CLUB.....	"JUNGLE JIVE"
19	JACK FEELS FINE.....	"SOMEONE DIED ON TV AGAIN"
20	MEXICAN POWER AUTHORITY.....	5 SONGS
21	GO GUY.....	"FUN-POKING AS AN ART"
22	CAUSTIC THOUGHT.....	"PLANET CLAIRE"
23	CANE TOWDS.....	"WAKE UP SUZY"
24	STARBOYS.....	"BASTARDS OF '76"
25	CUTTER THAN SPUNKY.....	"FOR YOU"
26	HAZEL MOTES.....	"THIS IS NOT RELIGIOUS"
27	GOAT BOY.....	"TIRED"
28	OPERATION WILLIS.....	"STICK UP"
29	TOQUE.....	"HELL BENT FOR VELVET"
30	STICK MONKEY.....	"TELL ME SOMETHING"
31	MARY.....	"COLLATERAL DAMAGE"
32	NOISE FLOOR.....	"ONE TIME MORE DAMAGE"
33	OMNIBOL.....	"IF ONLY I WERE SCUM"
34	IMAGEN JAKES.....	"20TH CENTURY SKYLINE"
35	MOVELAND.....	"HELLO"

DO YOU REMEMBER ROCK'N'ROLL RADIO? DISORDER CHARTS 5 YEARS AGO.

1	VARIOUS.....	SMACK MY CRACK(GIONNO POETRY SYSTEMS)
2	NOMEANSO.....	SEX MAD(PSYCHE-INDUSTRY)
3	BAMF.....	COME OUTSIDE(MODAMU)
4	WIRE.....	SHAKEDILL EP(MUTE)
5	KILLDOZER.....	BURL(TOUCH AND GO)
6	THE COOLIES.....	DIG(DB)
7	SUV & JOBBE.....	RHYTHM KILLERS(ISAHO)
8	THAT PETROL EMOTION.....	BABBLE(POYDOO)
9	THE REPLACEMENTS.....	PLEASED TO MEET ME(WEA)
10	HUNTERS AND COLLECTORS.....	LIVING DAYLIGHTS(IRS)



FOR FREE STICKERS OF THIS AD SEND A S.A.S.E.

T-SHIRTS OF THIS AD, 100% COTTON, XL, BLACK OR WHITE.

good news praise him halleluliah good news praise him halleluliah GOOD NEWS!!!

FREE SNOT OF JESUS

BOOGERS OF OUR LORD & MESSIAH

SCIENTIFIC FACT!

JESUS
"CHRIST"

SCIENCE PROVEN!

SEND FIVE DOLLAR LOVE GIFT TO
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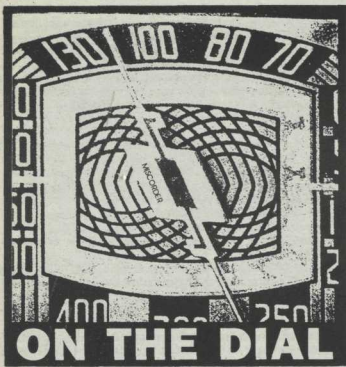
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LORDS!

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SCIENTIFIC FACT! SCIEN-TERRIFFIC FACT!!! SCIENCE PROVEN!

10 AT JULL, TRACK, OR SCRATCH - ALSO TAPES \$5.00



SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS MUSIC 8:00AM-12:00PM All time immersed by the art. Most broadcasting thru art for incusivus market-music. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open. Hosted by Paul Steinhilber and Ian Cuthbert.

THE BRUNCH REPORT 12:00-12:15PM News, sports, weather and more with the CTR News, Sports and Weather Departments.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:15-3:00PM Hosts: George Banett and Mike Cherry. Reggae into all styles and fashion. Dancehall, Dub, Roots, Lovers-rock, Rock Steady, Ska and beyond!

THURSDAY MAGAZINE 5:00-5:30PM All the days, weather and sports, and a feature. Hosted by Helen G. MAURY'S GOT THE NIGHT OFF 6:00-8:00PM

Kooky antics, current, treat-ment issues, Joe Jackson, Pinkie, Lou J. Helldarst, and your cool re-quests. Hosted by Karen Toddington and Lloyd Ullano.

BLACK MUSIC 6:00-8:00PM Alternates with Maury's got the night off. Every-thing from the African-American tradi-tion. Blues, Gospel, Jazz, Soul, R&B, Funk, Hip Hop, and current Dance tracks. Mouldy vinyl to shiny CD's. Your host, Lachlan Murray.

LUIS'S BACK IN TOWN 8:00-9:00PM In as you like's Vinnie Capelli and Sonny Prince play some of the hot-test current new music. Names like Tony Bennett, Sammy Davis, Jr., Elton John, Humphrey and many, many more. Lots of great cuts and plenty of polyester.

GEETANJALI 9:00-10:00PM Geetanjali is a one-hour radio show which fea-tures a wide range of music from India. This includes classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popu-lar music from Indian movies from the 1930s to the 1990s. Semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Thapans, and also Querevalis Folk songs, etc.

Hosted by Ajay Dhar and Paadep Kumar Nandam.

RADIO REAMERICA 10:00PM-12:00AM Jon has Dave Emory and colleague. No luck for some extraordinary po-litical discussion guaranteed to make you think twice. Bring your tape deck and two C-90s. Originally broadcast on KRJC (San Alito, California).

MONDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM Wake up with the CTR Morning Show. All the news, sports and weather you need to start your day. Plus what's

happening on UBC each day with UBC Digest, a feature interview and more. Taped off with the BRC World Service News of 8:00AM. Live from London, England. Hosted today by Bill Currie.

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:15-11:00AM Your favourite brownies, James and Peter, offer a scrumpti-ous blend of the familiar and exotic in an excitingly luscious blend of aural de-light! Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special.

DOAN AND GORDON'S STUDIO RADIO SHOW 11:00AM-1:00PM So they asked me "Is this your 7? Noon feature." "Crucis In Your Ear."

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:00-1:15PM News, sports and weather. CTR's only all industrial / technical / electronic show with different fea-tures appears every week. With your dj, pats. Kevin. Kevin like some of the

GUMBO RADIO 3:00-5:00PM Host: Steve Wells.

THE CTR DINNER REPORT 5:00-5:30PM All the latest on campus: news, sports, art-in-depth interview, theatre or film review, editorial commentary and more. Weekdays with host Ian Gunn.

AUTHENTIC AMATEURISM 5:30-6:00PM The sports show that seethes with night while staying at one with the sports world. Hosted by Mark Dinsdale, who always gives 100%.

FOCUSING ON campus.com and ama-teur sports.

SONIC SALAD 6:00-7:00 PM Your head will become a crazy pulsating punchbag of sound...but the crucial-tonal!

BOXER SHORT BOYZ 7:00-9:00PM Just a couple of guys who like to work around in their boxer shorts with their big fat guys hanging out. Jerome Broadway and Gannet Timothy Hays alternate weeks.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-wise Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

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Roosevelt World became one of the most promising piano players in the jazz world. Innovative and crea-tive, his solo album included the great Sam Jones (bass) and Louis Hayes (drums). Roosevelt World never made another record and no one knew why.

July 20: One of the most creative and original alto saxophonists and composers was Jimmy Woods (not to be confused with Phil Woods). His most impressive recording was called *Conflict* a very powerful al-bum that featured Woods playing alto, Harold Land tenor saxophone, Andrew Hill piano and Elvin Jones drumming. Wood's music in 1966 to become a social worker.

July 27: Winding up our 'obscure artists' month I'd like to plant Kenny Cox (who is still alive and well in Montreal) leading a hard driving quintet of Detroit players. Charles Moore plays trumpet and Leon Henderson (young brother of Joe) plays tenor saxophone and drum great Danny Spencer found the Contemporary Jazz Quintet.

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Hosted by Ian Gunn.

SOULCHURCH 12:00-1:00PM That program where we play for you the best of the African-Canadian, Afri-can-American gospel music tradi-tion. Your host in a hurry, Dave Longley.

NOOPLY TUNES 1:15-3:00PM Spinning the best and worst of CTR's playlist, only the most original requests will be remotely considered. Emphasis will be on new material from around the world, regardless of musical clas-sification.

NORMAN'S KITCHEN 3:00-5:00PM The next best thing to the Vision Chan-nel. With your host, the Bernice Gerard of Rock & Roll, The Rever-end Norman.

THE HEALING HOUR 7:00-9:00PM Guru plays the blues.

ENTERTAINMENT 9:00-12:00PM Only the Third Radio Program in the history of Homo sapien kind to be dedicated to solving all of the world's prob-lems. Radio that believes in con-sultation, noise, peace, love, aggression and maybe even EVOLUTION. Move beyond the old obses-sions, featuring LIVE FROM THE INNER STATION the First Wednesday of every month. An altered ap-proach to music performed live for radio.

OPEN COUNTRY JOY 12:00-4:00AM, THE FIRST WED. OF EVERY MONTH Don't let the ??? fool you.

THURSDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM Hosted by Antje Rauwerda.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30-1:00PM Toques, plaid, barbecue, beer, igloos, snowmobiles, beavers! Ben Mulvey. If you love Canada, tune in and eat your lunch to Canadian music. Previously *Carleton*.

POGUP 1:00-3:00PM

REX YOUR HEAD 3:00-5:00PM

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-8:00PM No Bivensdale, nothing politically cor-rect. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

RED HOT AND BLUE 8:00-9:00PM Roots music, rhythm and blues, rock n' roll, and who knows what, hosted by Eddie J.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local music from 9. Live bands from 10.

ABSOLUTE VOICE NOISE 11:00PM-1:00AM 100% of Canadian industrial noise with four-dimensional psycho-acoustic interactivity. Prac-titioner: Peter Courtemanche.

MEGABLAST 1:AM-WHEN U STOP LISTENING minimalist admoblation is (re)parable.

FRIDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM Hosted by Ian Gunn.

THE NOISE SHOW 2:30-3:30, 4:00-5:00PM

NARDWAAZ THE HUMAN SERVICE PRESENTS... 3:30-4:00PM Nardwaz the Human Service Presents... World.

THE CTR DINNER REPORT 5:00-5:30PM With 'The Voice of Reason', our weekly look back at the week in the news, long as firmly in check.

THE THUNDERBIRD PREVIEW 5:20-5:30PM The Sports Department's preview of what'll be going down this weekend, so tune in!

PROJECTIONS 5:30-6:00PM Projections: news, music, and reviews of other native, Hollywood and locally produced film on Vancouver's only all-movie radio show hosted by two culturalists, Jason and Steve.

COCKTAILS WITH DARYL AND SUZI 6:00-9:00PM Underground sound system-style masters radio.

FORTH RECORD 9:30-6:45PM Excerpts from Dave Emory's *Radio Free America* Series.

HOMELESS 12:30-12:00AM Dope jams and fresh beats for a groovy evening with DJ Noach on the wheels of steel.

LYAP 11:30-12:00AM Morning Drive with bops along perforation. Use 1 per cup, adding volume. Sleep 6 minutes. I desired, add a touch of honey. Special Bonus Make it 5 AM and get a bedtime story to the C&C players.

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE 6:00-12:00PM Vancouver's biggest and best aural/rock/radio radio show. Now in its 6th year on CTR! Roots music from around the world.

POWERCHORD 12:15-3:00PM Vancouver's only live metal show, local bands, tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Ruffhead and Metal Rock to the damage.

THE AFRICAN SHOW 3:00-5:00PM It's a music thing from all 'Africa'. It's on

awareness thing of self and others. It's an African house party. Stores, music, dance fun. Welcome! Your host: Unleash.

THE SATURDAY MAGAZINE 5:00-5:30PM UBC's weekend news. All the latest news, sports, weather, a movie re-view, feature report and more. News with Luc Dinsdale; Doug Richards has sports.

IN EFFECT 6:00-8:00 The Hip hop beat and notoriety but. With host POS.

THE HEIMLICH MANOEUVRE 8:00-10:00 The show that knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men (and women). The Shadow and his bad attitude pervade in a world where life is cheap and the music is good. The Shadow, intro at 8:30, conclusion at 9:30.

GROOVE JUMPING 10:00PM-1:00AM Hosts Terry and John play loudst type tunes. Quote of the month: Eat me!

SOMETHING 1:00-4:00PM Ambient heat plays whatever she thinks is cool for four, or four and a half hours, and then puts on a CD and goes to sleep in the vinyl couch in the lounge; until you decide to drive her home.

WHOM ARTS

BOARD CHAIR HARRY HERTSCHG

CURRENT AFFAIRS IAN GUNN

DEMOS/CASSETTES DALE SAWYER

ENGINEER RICHARD ANDERSON

MUSIC SOUND DARREN REITER

MOBILE MINOY ABRAHAMOWITZ

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VICIPRESIDENT HELENGOODPHIN

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DJ LINE 604/822-2487 (UBC-CTR)

NEWS LINE 604/822-2487 (222-CTR)

FAX LINE 604/822-9364

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DISCORDER DATEBOOK

- 27 SAT Vancouver International Jazz Festival** continues: Otis Clay, Ann Peebles & the Memphis Soul Revue with Jim Byrnes Band at the Commodore, Tim Berne Quartet at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre, Kokoro Danneberg with Taro Quartet "Bats" at the Waterfront Theatre, Poison Idea with Spoonbender at the Town Pump, Cottage Industry with Bass Pump at the Cruel Elephant, Jennifer Scott at Cafe Django, Last Wild Sons with Boughouse & the Maximum Blues Pub, Kerlie McDowell Trio at the Latin Quarter, Frank Kirk Five at the Railway, Tommy Floyd with Nemesis Gypsy, Suzi Slam, and Charles on Charges at 86 Street, Kieran Overs Quintet with Christy Doran Group at the Glass Slipper, Harvey Andrews at the WISE Club, Luther "Guitar" Johnson at the Yale, Billy Cowell at the Fairview, Harry Connick Jr. at the Orpheum, Eartha Kitt at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre, Hard Rock Miners with Rymes with Orange and Last Wild Sons at The Breakers, Delicatessen (7:30 & 9:30pm) at the Varsity, The Playboys (7:15 & 9:30pm) at the Park, Monster in a Box (7:30 & 9:30pm) at the Starlight, Wayne's World (7:30pm) and The Decline of Western Civilization II: The Metal Years (9:25pm) at the Ridge, A Day in the Life of Inner City Schools photo exhibition continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (until July 28).
- 28 SUN Vancouver International Jazz Festival** closes: Curlew at the Glass Slipper, Barbara Dennerlein Trio with Ray Anderson at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre, Yomo Toro with Daniel Janke Quartet at the Commodore, The Jesus Lizard with Lung at the Cruel Elephant, Geoff Keezer at Cafe Django, Harry Connick Jr. at the Orpheum, Frank Frink Five at the Railway, Jam Session at the Yale, Delicatessen (7:30 & 9:30pm) at the Varsity, The Playboys (7:15 & 9:30pm) at the Park, Monster in a Box (7:30 & 9:30pm) at the Starlight, Wayne's World (7:30pm) and The Decline of Western Civilization II: The Metal Years (9:25pm) at the Ridge.
- 29 MON CTR Alternative Mondays at the UBC Pit Pub...** Tom Cochrane with 54-40 at PNE Exhibition Bowl, Mike Jacobs at the Railway, Delicatessen (7:30 & 9:30pm) at the Varsity, The Playboys (7:15 & 9:30pm) at the Park, Monster in a Box (7:30 & 9:30pm) at the Starlight, My Father's Grief (7:15pm) and My Mother's Castle (9:25pm) at the Ridge.
- 30 TUE Judy Mowatt & Her All-Star Band** with Mzwakhe Mbuli at the Commodore, The Cure with The Cranes at the Pacific Coliseum, Russell Jackson at the Fairview, Mike Jacobs at the Railway, Cruel '70s Disco at the Cruel Elephant, Delicatessen (7:30 & 9:30pm) at the Varsity, The Playboys (7:15 & 9:30pm) at the Park, Monster in a Box (7:30 & 9:30pm) at the Starlight, My Father's Grief (7:15pm) and My Mother's Castle (9:25pm) at the Ridge.
- 1 WED My Bloody Valentine** with Buffalo Tom and Yo La Tengo at the Commodore, The Pasties with Skin Bane and Fine Grind at the Cruel Elephant, Tragically Hip, Colin James, Crash Test Dummies, Grapes of Wrath, Spinal Tap, Chrissy Steele, Skydiggers and Eugene Ripper at UBC Thunderbird Stadium, Russell Jackson at the Fairview, Luther "Guitar" Johnson at the Yale, Delicatessen (7:30 & 9:30pm) at the Varsity, The Playboys (7:15 & 9:30pm) at the Park, Monster in a Box (7:30 & 9:30pm) at the Starlight, Monty Python & the Holy Grail

- (7:30pm) and Monty Python's The Meaning of Life (9:20pm) at the Ridge.
- 2 THU CTR Alternative Thursdays at the UBC Pit Pub...** This is Our Daughter with Dead Skull Kiss and The Many at the Cruel Elephant, Buckmaster Circle with Tree Frog List of Mrs Arson and Lovers & Madmen at 86 Street, Luther "Guitar" Johnson at the Yale, Russell Jackson at the Fairview, Delicatessen (7:30 & 9:30pm) at the Varsity, The Playboys (7:15 & 9:30pm) at the Park, Monster in a Box (7:30 & 9:30pm) at the Starlight, Monty Python & the Holy Grail (7:30pm) and Monty Python's The Meaning of Life (9:20pm) at the Ridge.
- 3 FRI Valentines, 1 Brainwaster, Cane Toot, Bloodgood Pigs** reunion, Potato Head, Plug Togue at the Commodore, Second Nature with Omieball and Drop Dolls at the Cruel Elephant, Sarah McLachlan with Lava Hay at the Orpheum, Luther "Guitar" Johnson at the Yale, Russell Jackson at the Fairview, Trama with Lou Valentino at The Breakers, Proof (7:30 & 9:30pm) at the Ridge.
- 4 SAT The Smugglers** with Drag the River at Sandy Cove, Helix with Love Junction at 86 Street, Trama with Lou Valentino at The Breakers, Luther "Guitar" Johnson at the Yale, Russell Jackson at the Fairview, Live with Wire Train and Spent Poets at the Town Pump, Four Men & a Dog at the WISE Club, Proof (7:30 & 9:30pm) at the Ridge.
- 5 SUN Colette Wise** at Cafe Django, Proof (7:30 & 9:30pm) at the Ridge.
- 6 MON CTR hosts the National Campus/Community Radio Conference** NCR '92 which opens today at the UBC Student Union Building... CTR Alternative Mondays at the UBC Pit Pub... Johnny Clyde Copeland at the Yale, Proof (7:30 & 9:30pm) at the Ridge.
- 7 TUE NCR '92** continues at the UBC Student Union Building... NCR '92 special concerts: Superconductor, Windwalker, The Smugglers and Emily Stop at the Town Pump... April Winchell The Blake Harvard Band at 86 Street, The Pontiac at the Yale, Cruel '70s Disco at the Cruel Elephant, Proof (7:30 & 9:30pm) at the Ridge.
- 8 WED NCR '92** continues at the UBC Student Union Building... NCR '92 special concerts: Zip Gun, Mecca Normal, Pigment Vehicle, Mr Wrong and Cub at the Cruel Elephant, Jimmy Roy's 5 Star Hillbillies with Potato Head at Smash Gallery... The Pontiac at the Yale, Proof (7:30 & 9:30pm) at the Ridge.
- 9 THU NCR '92** continues at the UBC Student Union Building... NCR '92 special concerts: 7 Year Bitch, Mexican Power Authority, Vinagigues and Steel Wool at the Cruel Elephant... CTR Alternative Thursdays at the UBC Pit Pub... The Pontiac at the Basehead at the Backstage (Seattle), Proof (7:30 & 9:30pm) at the Ridge.
- 10 FRI NCR '92** continues at the UBC Student Union Building... NCR '92 special concerts: Jack Feels Fine, T.B.A., A Cartoon Swear and David Pascal at the Cruel Elephant; Cool, Perfume Tree and Movieband at Smash Gallery... Sons of Freedomal 86 Street, David Lanz continues at UBC Student Union Building... The Pontiac at the Yale, Fort Langley Music Festival opens, Boy (harvey) at the Backstage (Seattle), International Festival of Short Films (7 & 9pm) at the Ridge.
- 11 SAT NCR '92** continues at the UBC Student Union Building... NCR '92 special concerts: Mystery Machine, BUM, Facepuffer and Kriviss at the Cruel Elephant... The Pontiac at the Yale... country dance at the WISE Club, Africa Day '92 at Studio 16, Fort Langley Music Festival continues... International Festival of Short Films (2, 7 & 9pm) at the Ridge.
- 12 SUN NCR '92** closes... Natalie Cole with Ottmar Liebert & Luna Negra at the Orpheum, Fort Langley Music Festival closes. International Festival of Short Films (2, 7 & 9pm) at the Ridge.
- 13 MON CTR Alternative Mondays at the UBC Pit Pub...** Oliver & the Elements at the Yale, Shadows and Fog (7:30pm) and The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe (9:20pm) at the Ridge.
- 14 TUE Cracker** at the Town Pump, Peter Murphy with The Nymphs at the Commodore, Sunny Rhodes at the Yale, Cruel '70s Disco at the Cruel Elephant, Shadows and Fog (7:30pm) and The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe (9:20pm) at the Ridge.
- 15 WED Sunny Rhodes** at the Yale... Until the End of the World (7:30pm) at the Ridge.
- 16 THU CTR Alternative Thursdays at the UBC Pit Pub...** Koko Taylor & Her Blues Machine with the Lonnie Brooks Blues Band, L'1 Ed & the Blues Imperials, and Elvin Bishop at the Commodore, Sunny Rhodes at the Yale... Until the End of the World (7:30pm) at the Ridge.
- 17 FRI Vancouver Folk Music Festival** opens at Jericho Beach Park... Dead Milkmen with Billy Goat at the Town Pump, Danny Bonaduce at Yuk Yuk's, Sunny Rhodes at the Yale, International Festival of Short Films (7 & 9:30pm) at the Ridge.
- 18 SAT Vancouver Folk Music Festival** continues... Danny Bonaduce

- at Yuk Yuk's... The Squirrels with Mr & Mrs Smith and Potato Head at the Smash Gallery, Sunny Rhodes at the Yale... International Festival of Short Films (7 & 9:30pm) at the Ridge.
- 19 SUN Vancouver Folk Music Festival** closes... International Festival of Short Films (7 & 9:30pm) at the Ridge.
- 20 MON CTR Alternative Mondays at the UBC Pit Pub...** Spyro Gyra featuring Jay Beckenstelt at the Commodore, Big Daddy Kinsey & the Kinsey Report at the Yale, House Band with a Kickpatrick at the WISE Club, Talk 16 (7:30pm) and 28 Up (9:30pm) at the Ridge.
- 21 TUE David Raven** at the Yale, Lolapalooza 2 at UBC Thunderbird Stadium with Red Hot Chili Peppers, Ministry, Soundgarden, Ice Cube, The Jesus and Mary Chain, Lush and Pearl Jam, Barely Works with Dave Moore at the WISE Hall, Cruel '70s Disco at the Cruel Elephant, Talk 16 (7:30pm) and 28 Up (9:30pm) at the Ridge.
- 22 WED Lemoheads** with Juliana Hatfield at the Town Pump, Jimmy Cliff with Burning Spear and Majek Fashek at the Commodore, David Raven at the Yale, Lenay Gallant with Teresa Doyle at the WISE Hall, Withnail and I (7:30pm) and How to Get Ahead in Advertising (9:35pm) at the Ridge.
- 23 THU CTR Alternative Thursdays at the UBC Pit Pub...** Jimmy Cliff with Burning Spear and Majek Fashek at the Commodore, David Raven at the Yale, Rory McLeod with Bobby Watt at the WISE Hall, Withnail and I (7:30pm) and How to Get Ahead in Advertising (9:35pm) at the Ridge.
- 24 FRI Mushroom Trail** with Green Apple Quick Stop and Wicked Swimming Dog at the Cruel Elephant... k.d. lang at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre, David Raven at the Yale, Mission Folk Festival opens, Lemoheads with Juliana Hatfield at the Backstage (Seattle), Fried Green Tomatoes (7pm) and Leaving Normal (9:30pm) at the Ridge.
- 25 SAT k.d. lang** at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre, David Raven at the Yale, Mission Folk Festival continues, Fried Green Tomatoes (7pm) and Leaving Normal (9:30pm) at the Ridge.
- 26 SUN Caribbean Day '92** at North Vancouver waterfront Park... Mission Folk Festival continues, Fried Green Tomatoes (7pm) and Leaving Normal (9:30pm) at the Ridge.
- 27 MON CTR Alternative Mondays at the UBC Pit Pub...** Oliver & the Elements at the Yale, 35 Up (7:15pm) and The Fool (9:30pm) at the Ridge.
- 28 TUE Betty Shaw** at the Yale, Cruel '70s Disco at the Cruel Elephant... 35 Up (7:15pm) and The Fool (9:30pm) at the Ridge, A Day in the Life of Inner City Schools photo exhibition closes at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre...
- 29 WED Betty Shaw** at the Yale, The Double Life of Veronique (7:30pm) and Voyager (9:30pm) at the Ridge.
- 30 THU CTR Alternative Thursdays at the UBC Pit Pub...** Dick Sanchez at the WISE Club, Betty Shaw at the Yale, The Double Life of Veronique (7:30pm) and Voyager (9:30pm) at the Ridge.
- 31 FRI The Aliman Brothers Band** with Blues Traveler at the Plaza of Nations... Burnaby Centennial Music Festival at the Civic Square with Stephen Feuring, UHF, and Eileen McCann, Betty Shaw at the Yale... Spotswood (7:30 & 9:30pm) at the Ridge.

VENUES VENUES VENUES VENUES VENUES

- Alma Studio Cafe** • 2505 Alma (at Broadway)
Cafe Bergman • 52 Powell Street (Gastown)
Cafe Django • 1194 Denman Street (at Davie)
Commodore Ballroom • 870 Granville Street (Granville Mall)
Cruel Elephant • 23 West Cordova Street (Gastown)
86 Street • Plaza of Nations (BC Enterprise Centre)
Glass Slipper • 185 East 11th Avenue (at Main)
Isadora's • 1540 Old Ridge (Granville Island)
Latin Quarter 1305 Commercial Drive
Maximum Blues Pub • 1176 Granville Street (at Davie)
Paradise Cinema • 919 Granville Street (Granville Mall)
Park Theatre • 2440 Cambie Street
Pit Pub • basement, Student Union Building (UBC)
Queen Elizabeth Theatre • Hamilton & Georgia Street
Railway Club • 579 Dunsmuir Street (at Seymour)
Ridge Cinema • 3131 Arbutus at 16th
Sandy Cove • 1554 Marine Drive, West Vancouver
Smash Gallery • 160 West Cordova Street (at Cambie)
Starlight Cinema • 935 Denman Street
Town Pump • 66 Howe Street (Gastown)
Vancouver East Cultural Centre • 1695 Venables Street (at Victoria)
Varsity Theatre • 4375 West 10th Avenue
Waterfront Theatre • 1405 Anderson Street (Granville Island)
Western Front • 303 East 8th Avenue
WISE Club • 1682 Adams Street (at Victoria)
Yale • 1300 Granville (at Drake)

SPECIAL NCR '92 NEWS

- 6 MONDAY**
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- 7 TUESDAY**
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- 8 WEDNESDAY**
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- 9 THURSDAY**
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- 12 SUNDAY**
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THE NATIONAL CAMPUS & COMMUNITY RADIO CONFERENCE AND CCR-FM PRESENT



ROCK AGAINST STUPIDITY

A SIX-NIGHT AURAL FEAST OF SOUNDS FROM THE WEST COAST

Tuesday July 7 • Town Pump

SUPERCONDUCTOR - WINDWALKER - THE SMUGGLERS - EMILY STOP

Wednesday July 8 • The Smash Gallery

JIMMY ROY'S 5-STAR HILLBILLY BAND - POTATO HEAD

Wednesday July 8 • The Cruel Elephant

ZIPGUN - MECCA NORMAL - PIGMENT VEHICLE - MR. WRONG - CUB

Thursday July 9 • The Cruel Elephant

7 YEAR BITCH - STEEL WOOL - VINAIGRETTES - MEXICAN POWER AUTHORITY

Friday July 10 • The Cruel Elephant

JACK FEELS FINE - T.B.A. - A CARTOON SWEAR - BLAISE PASCAL

Friday July 10 • The Smash Gallery

COAL - PERFUME TREE - MOVIELAND

Saturday July 11 • The Cruel Elephant

MYSTERY MACHINE - BUM - FACEPULLER - KREVISS

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HENRY ROLLINS Spoken Word Collections

ROLLINS
 LIVE AT McCABE'S



single CDs 12.98

- Big Ugly Mouth
- Live at McCabes

double CDs 19.98

- Sweatbox
- Human Butt

Following in the footsteps of William S. Burroughs, Charles Bukowski, and Jello Biafra, Henry Rollins spent much of his spare time following the break-up of Black Flag on the spoken word circuit. This material, unlike the heavy rock of Henry's current project, Rollins Band, features Rollins with an intensity of a different kind — alone on stage with no musical accompaniment at all. These collections will appeal to anyone interested in the punk philosophy and wit of Henry Rollins, or simply the power of the spoken word.



MORE COOL STUFF ...

Urge Overkill

- The Stull
 cd-ep8.98 cass6.98

Everyone has been wondering when it is going to arrive ... last year it was Red Kross' fabulous Third Eye album. Yes, everyone has been waiting for the first record of summer. Perfect for barbecues, the beach, driving down the highway — y'know, "summer things". Urge Overkill's "Supersonic Storybook" ran a close second in the summer record sweepstakes last year, but the Stull EP, with four new songs plus the rare Subpop single "Here's the Barclords", will fit nicely into anyone's vacation plans. And hey ... don't forget the sunscreen!

The Jam

- Extras
 cd14.98 cass9.98

Twenty-six tracks of B-sides, Flexi-tracks, demo versions of popular songs, unreleased tracks and other oddities and rarities have been compiled on to this collection. A collection for the Jam fan that thinks they have everything, or anyone who was captivated by their melding of punk and mod aesthetics.

Prodigy

- Charly EP
 cd-ep6.98

The techno invasion has hit North American shores, along with the likes of Opus3, 2Unlimited, T99, Lords of Acid, and Fan. Prodigy has brought the sounds of the clubs of London, Brussels, and Berlin into the clubs and consciousness of Vancouver's own rave culture. This is the first US release for Prodigy and follows several hugely popular club tracks overseas.

Wedding Present

- Hit Parade
 cd14.98 cass9.98

After the release of the excellent "Seamonsters" album, The Wedding Present decided to try something a little different: a limited edition single each month in 1992 with a new pop gem on the A-side and their rendition of a pop obscurity on the flipside. The first six singles (both A-sides and B-sides) have been compiled on one collection for those of us unlucky to have missed out on these rarities the first time around. (Presumably the next six singles will be released as a collection in January.)

Helmet

- Meantime
 cd14.98 cass9.98

Anyone that saw helmet open for Tad at the Town Pump has been salivating for this album. Hot on the heels of the excellent "Unsung" and "In the Meantime" singles, this first major release by Helmet is perhaps the most anticipated release from an American underground band since you know who! Intense, skull-crushing heaviness, coupled with incredibly tight tempo changes and killer hooks make this the must buy punk/metal/grind/industrial/post-hardcore record of the summer.



NEW !!! T-SHIRTS !

starting at 15.98

A new batch of TShirts
 have arrived at Zulu —
 check 'em out !

Blur, Helmet, Pearl Jam,
 Nirvana, Charlatans,
 Urge Overkill, and more!